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SIXPENCE.  
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MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS MAGGIE JOCELYN IN "THE SHOP-GIRL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## "DELIA HARDING," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

There have been critics bold enough to censure Isabella, heroine of "Measure for Measure," because of her refusal to sacrifice her honour in order to save the life of Lucio, her contemptible young brother. Isabella's conduct has been called egotistic. Of course, I am no sharer of such views, and, if I were, should not admit it without many qualifications; but I think that all will be of opinion that Delia Harding went absurdly far in the opposite direction. Her vicious younger brother had a card quarrel with Stanley French, a scoundrel who had been his master in vice, and shot him, but, unfortunately, not accurately. Imprisoned on a charge of attempted murder, Edward Harding begged his sister to justify his act by declaring that French was her lover, and had been shot, in just wrath, by her brother. She consented.

In Calcutta, in open court, Delia swore falsely to her dishonour, and French supported her perjury; so Edward was acquitted, while his sister left the land without taking any steps to remove the stain upon her reputation. She was a wealthy girl, an orphan with but one brother and no sister, so she was able to wander, at her will, luxuriously through Europe. Her travels brought Clive Studley to her presence. He was a young man whose heart was not quite intact, for he had once given a substantial share of it to a Mrs. Venables. What was left, the greater part, he gave at once to Delia, and she, in return, laid all of hers at his feet, but fled—fled, for how could she, a girl who in open Court had sworn to her own unchastity, hope to wed an honourable man?

Her flight was swiftly followed. Naples was not a hiding-place, nor Rome, nor Florence, even Bellagio did not conceal her; and only a few days after she had taken a villa by the lake, Clive arrived. The day that brought him brought French. Chance, coincidence, led to Mrs. Venables being present at Bellagio, and she, jealous of Delia, who had won the man whose love she hoped to awaken, told French the state of affairs. Now French, a born gambler, had been in a long streak of bad luck; moreover, he had always, after his fashion, loved Delia, so he had come to Bellagio intending to marry her, and fatuously flattered himself that he would find no obstacle.

When Clive met poor Delia, he drew from her, with little difficulty, the confession of her love; but it was accompanied by the declaration that she could never wed him. Of course, he sought the reason; she begged him not to press her, implored him to wait till the morrow for an explanation. He had no choice. She had hopes as well as fears. Her brother Edward was on his way to Marseilles, and from him she might obtain a statement of the truth concerning the Calcutta crime which would clear her character.

When French came to see her, terror and disgust came also. His offer of marriage excited her contempt; his fatuous, conquering air, her indignation. Yet, though she scorned him and ordered him out of the room, she was afraid that he would set Clive utterly against her. Ere she expected him, Clive called, knowing part of the story; for Mrs. Venables had received a telegram, stating that Delia had left Calcutta on account of a scandalous criminal case, and this telegram had been put into the young man's hands. Armed with but half the truth, Clive failed to get from his sweetheart full knowledge, and was satisfied with her incomplete explanation.

However, French did not mean to lose the battle so easily; therefore he told Clive, in the presence of his brother, Sir Arthur Studley, what took place in the Calcutta Court, and, after many obviously insincere denials, was persuaded to declare that he had been the lover of Delia. This was nearly enough for victory, but he had another weapon: he had stolen an unopened letter addressed to her, and from it learned that Edward had died suddenly. When Delia appeared and denied French's assertion, and told the true version, the battle wavered: she begged Clive to wait till her brother came; then French produced the letter, declared that he had found it open on the table, and that she already knew of her brother's death. Thereupon Delia swooned.

Nevertheless, French was not contented: he had, apparently, broken off the marriage without any gain to himself, for Delia showed an invincible aversion to him, so he determined to sink the ineffectual lover in the man of business, and turn blackmailer. Therefore, he came by night to Delia just as she, in despair, was about to take a fatal dose of digitalis, and offered to sell her a letter of Edward's that would disclose the truth and clear her character. Two thousand pounds was all he asked; she gave it without hesitation, so, of course, no obstacle was left between the devoted sister and the traditional happiness ever after.

A poor piece is "Delia Harding"—a paltry collection of stale stage devices, barren of human nature, only attractive because of occasional gleams of wit and some situations that never fail to thrill the unsophisticated. Certainly it shows Sardou at his worst, and is one of the most daringly commonplace, threadbare pieces presented at such a theatre as the Comedy for a long time. It was actually comical at times in its crudity. What could even the delightful Miss Marion Terry do with such a part as Delia's, one that is not even stagily effective? Miss Dorothy Dorr, an actress whose work, two years ago, at the Vaudeville, used to delight one, acted excellently the unsatisfactory melodramatic character of Mrs. Venables. Really, there is not much to be said of the other players. Perhaps Mr. Mackintosh was over-melodramatic as French, but the part is impossible; Mr. Cyril Maude for once seemed insignificant, Miss Rose Leclercq was pleasing in a poor part, Mr. Fred Terry was by no means brilliant as Clive, and several clever players looked discontented and uncomfortable on account of the difficulties of their fruitless tasks.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Easter, of late years, has rarely been so busy for the critics as in 1895, and the crop, if not quite equal in quality to quantity, has been very fair. The Adelphi drama, for instance, is a good work of its kind, and somewhat, if not far, above the average. No doubt "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is not so truly dramatic as "The Fatal Card," which certainly stands high in the roll of melodrama. Nor is the "comic relief" all that one could wish for. Indeed, there seems signs of a drying-up of the "comic relief," which, for a long time, has been a weak place in "Delphi dramas." Personally, I must confess that I like weak English low comedy more than weak American low comedy, and cannot digest the short-skirted hoyden. Possibly, if pretty Miss Marie Montrose had not adopted a Cockney accent as the American soubrette, things would have gone better.

However much may be forgiven on account of the "stockade" sensation, one cannot help being thrilled when the little party seems certain to be overcome by the Redskins in the wings, and the beautiful Kate Kennion is reciting part of the Burial Service while her father prepares to take the life that once he gave, in order to save his child from the horrible fate that threatens her. Greater stage craftsmanship might have made our breathing faster than it was, but everyone was satisfied that his nerves had been strung high enough, and, by way of relief, applauded lustily: that is to say, everyone save the critics—the true "dead-hands," to use an early and now unpopular slang synonym for "dead-heads"—who, of course, sat noiseless, according to the custom that binds their hands—or mine, at least—save when foreigners are performing.

So Messrs. Franklin Fyles and David Belasco have achieved success, and, when they have done some judicious cutting, are likely to draw heavy authors' fees. They owe much to the players. Miss Millward, of course, played Kate's part splendidly: she is an actress certainly of too high a quality for such work; while Mr. William Terriss, who must have been born in the theatre that he fits so well, was quite the right man for the part of Hawkesworth, the valorous if slightly stupid hero. Praise may well be given to others, but perhaps their work hardly needs individual mention.

"Fanny" is a young lady not unlikely to pay a long visit to the Strand, since, although she is not startlingly original nor always quite discreet, she is lively and entertaining. It is conceivable that Messrs. Sims and Raleigh have not squeezed the last drop out of the lemon—something more comical should have come out of the position of Professor Bixley; but there is enough for hearty laughter. The thing that I regret is the absence of Paquita O'Brien during the second act. The splendidly handsome, big, ferociously jealous Brazilian, as represented by Miss Alma Stanley, was fascinating, and laughter never ceased when she was on the stage. One is disposed to think that a revival of "La Doctoresse," with Miss Stanley in the name-part, would be very successful, and she and Mr. Penley would be as brilliant a pair as Noblet and Madame Marie Magnier.

It is rather curious that such clever men as the authors should have made O'Brien's officious interference so unlikely as it is; and my belief is that the carelessness that gives inadequate explanations in farce, although it does not prevent substantial success, proves fatal to the hope of very long careers—the want of pains tells in the long run. Nevertheless, as it is, "Fanny," with the aid of pretty Miss Mary Whitty and Miss Lydia Cowell, and Messrs. J. L. Shine, W. Day, T. P. Haynes—a capital comic policeman—and other clever people, is not unlikely to restore prosperity to the luckless Strand Theatre.

I was glad of an excuse for a second visit to "The Shop-Girl," and such a delightful excuse as Miss Ellaline Terriss, for the Dam-Caryll-Ross-Monckton musical farce is one of the best. It has the virtues of neat dramatic construction and ingenious contrivance for really utilising the gifts of a strong company. Nothing is more irritating than the not uncommon spectacle of a set of well-known players, whose names are an attraction, but whose talents are barely utilised. Nothing could induce me to draw comparisons between Miss Ellaline Terriss, the new Bessie, and Miss Ada Reeve, her predecessor. Both were charming, and, if Miss Terriss pleased me the more, it is because she always fascinates me. I wonder who wins the hearts of the orthodox Gaiety-goers—Miss Ellaline Terriss, with her pretty singing and clever acting, or Miss Katie Seymour, whose exquisite Japanese dance might be enored a dozen times before one had enough of it? I trust that "The Shop-Girl" will soon have a birthday, or give away gaudy souvenirs, or provide some other excuse for a visit.

There was a great deal of laughter during "The Ladies' Idol"—so much that many the play appeared to be a success; but the lack of growth in volume of the laughter showed that the work is rather a collection of funny scenes and episodes than a farce with strongly comic motive. Consequently, though it is likely to run well, it has no chance of being a rival to "The New Boy." Yet it makes a pleasant light after-dinner entertainment—not dull, save for ten minutes in the second act, and not likely to cause apoplexy through over-violence of laughter. The acting was excellent—better, indeed, than the play. Although his part was comparatively poor, Mr. Weedon Grossmith managed to be very funny in his peculiar manner. Miss Esmé Beringer acted charmingly as a young aristocratic girl in love with the society pet; her work shows a fine touch of character. Many deserve praise, such as Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Miss May Palfrey, and Mr. C. P. Little, but they must accept it generally and apportion it among themselves.





THE AUTHOR OF "DELIA HARDING."



## THE LONDON HOMES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The fourteenth anniversary of Primrose Day has come round, and once again a wealth of wreaths has been laid at the foot of the well-known statue in Parliament Square. Of these costly yet simple flowers, in a few days no trace will remain, while, equally, no enduring memorial has been set up to mark any of the several London homes of Lord Beaconsfield. Disraeli was essentially a Londoner. He was born in London, his career was passed in London, his interests centred in London, in London he died, and no more effective means could be devised by which his memory and that of his association with the Metropolis could be kept alive than by the erection of a memorial stone, tablet, inscription, or bas-relief on the *façade* of one at least of the three houses closely identified with the London life of the great regenerator of the Conservative Party.



29, PARK LANE, WHERE BEACONSFIELD RESIDED AS PREMIER.

There will always remain grave doubts as to an exact determination of the site of Lord Beaconsfield's birth, a point on which he himself, amusingly enough, cannot be accepted as an authority, since there is ample evidence to disprove the assertion made by him to his friend, Lord Barrington, that he was born "in a set of chambers in the Adelphi." Isaac Disraeli, his father, certainly at one time lived in the Adelphi, but as early as 1802 his name appears on the rate-books as occupying a house in the then King's Road, now Theobald's Road, selected by him as near the Reading-Room of the British Museum. In 1804, the year of Benjamin's birth, the Disraelis, it can be seen by "The Court Guide," were living at this house, identified as that, one removed from the corner of John Street and overlooking the gardens of Gray's Inn. Another version, it is true, asserts that the future Premier was born at Trinity Row, Islington, now, whatever rural character it may have then possessed, absolutely concealed under the prosaic address, "215, Upper Street." Here, it is stated, Mrs. Disraeli was staying when her son came into the world, authorities in the shape of neighbours having been brought forward to support this view. Be this as it may, one fact may be at once dismissed: Disraeli, though he on one occasion gave countenance to the statement, was *not* born in Bloomsbury Square, as asserted by some biographers, since Isaac Disraeli is known by the parish rate-books not to have moved thither till 1817, when his son was thirteen years old, and, it may be mentioned, had recently been baptised as a Christian at the neighbouring church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. At his birth the future Prime Minister—as references to the existing register of the Spanish Synagogue at Bevis Marks can prove—was duly admitted into the Jewish faith and subjected to the usual rites.

Then came the days of young Disraeli's education at the Unitarian School of Dr. Poticary at Blackheath, and his apprenticeship to the law—to this day the successors of Messrs. Swain, Messrs. Maples and Teesdale, of Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, retain the original "articles," dated Nov. 10, 1821—and then his sudden appearance as the successful author of the vivacious "Vivian Grey," which took the town by storm when the son of the dryasdust Isaac Disraeli was but twenty-two, and the triumph of which may be associated with the solemn, substantially brick-built corner house of Bloomsbury Square and Hart Street, unchanged to this day, and at the present moment let out in offices.

Till 1839, when Disraeli finally settled down, on his marriage, in the house at Grosvenor Gate, No. 29, Park Lane, which was his home practically throughout his career, for the next thirty-three years, Disraeli's London residences cannot be fixed. Some of his election addresses—he entered Parliament for Maidstone in 1837—are dated from his father's Buckinghamshire house at Bradenham, and his famous squabble with O'Connell is associated, through a letter, with Park Street, Grosvenor Square; but we have no evidence whatever where were written the novels which, in the midst of his already active political life, he found time so industriously to pour forth—"The Young Duke" in 1831, "Contarini Fleming" in 1832; "Alroy" 1833, "Venetia" and "Henrietta Temple" four years later. This was the period of his social success, when, clad in black velvet suit, gorgeous waistcoat, and hung with a profusion of golden chains, his long, glossy ringlets, his political

witticisms, his Pelham-like affectations, led his contemporaries to overlook the fact that in the young dandy was the making of a future Prime Minister.

In 1839 came his much-commented-on marriage with the widow of his former colleague for Maidstone, Mr. Wyndham Lewis. From this moment, when Disraeli settled down in the house at the corner of Grosvenor Street and Park Lane—No. 29, now occupied by Lord Robertes—may be said to commence the serious portion of Disraeli's career, aided sincerely, sympathetically, by the companion who, though so many years older than he, proved herself indeed a helpmate.

At Grosvenor Gate—which surely should be marked by some tablet to recall its thirty-three years' connection with Lord Beaconsfield—Disraeli passed through all that bitter period of his disappointing and uphill labour against misunderstanding even from friends, when he so patiently built up once again into a united party the Conservatives whom the Reform Bill and the wave of Radicalism of the 'thirties and 'forties had so disorganised. It was a long period of suspense, in which he and his supporters remained in steady Opposition. It was at Grosvenor Gate that Disraeli wrote what all must agree is his best novel, "Coningsby" (1844), with its interesting foreshadowings of his own future career, followed by "Sybil" a year later. "Tancred" came in 1847; and then, for a quarter of a century, the politician, who was now nearing the goal, laid aside his pen. On the death of Lord George Bentinck, in 1848, Disraeli was at length chosen Leader of the House. It was to Grosvenor Gate that he returned the evening of the day in 1852 when he first entered the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was at Grosvenor Gate that he passed so many weary years in Opposition, while the country was passing through the anxieties of the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean campaign; again to Grosvenor Gate he returns, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's Cabinet, in 1858; after another spell of seclusion on the Opposition benches, the red Ministerial despatch-boxes again arrive at Park Lane, in the three years between 1865 and 1868. This latter year is that in which at last, as he himself pithily put it, he had climbed the greasy pole and was Prime Minister, only, however to seek the cool shades of Opposition till six years after, when again he is First Lord of the Treasury. In the interval, however, Disraeli had lost the devoted companion of his career, on whose death, in 1872, he gave up his Grosvenor Gate house, and, till the end, became a wanderer, Hughenden henceforth claiming most of his time, except when, as Premier, his address was the familiar "10, Downing Street, S.W."

When Disraeli became Prime Minister for the second time, he was in his sixty-ninth year. Many will remember how he startled friends and foes alike by suddenly withdrawing from the anxieties of the Lower House and appearing as Earl of Beaconsfield. Then came his historic journey to Berlin with his colleague and successor, Lord Salisbury. From Grosvenor Gate Lord Beaconsfield had moved to 2, Whitehall Gardens, a neighbourhood redolent of Prime Ministerial memories, his last London home being the well-known house, No. 19, Curzon Street, Mayfair, in which the great Conservative leader, that memorable April 19, 1881, passed away amid the sorrow of a nation and the sincere regard of one whose wreath on the grave at Hughenden was signed "A grateful Sovereign and friend."



19, CURZON STREET, WHERE BEACONSFIELD DIED.

## WOULD YOU?

Would you ruffle the down of the butterfly?  
Or scatter the violet's dew?  
Would you rub the soft cheek of the peach awry?  
Or rumple the roses? Would you?

And the first loving kiss of an unknissed maid,  
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As sweet and as frail as the flowers that fade—  
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## ROUND THE ABATTOIR OF LA VILLETTE.

I was dining one evening at the Continental, in Paris (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), and entered into conversation with an enthusiastic Frenchman who sat next to me. He spoke of England and English institutions as though they stood in need of his commiseration; he spoke of France in general, and Paris in particular, as though he were personally responsible for everything good therein. Glancing down the menu-card, he noted *Rosbif à l'Anglais*, and it seemed to irritate him.

"Ah," he said, "where have you such a system as ours for the slaughter of animals?"

I suggested Birkenhead and Edinburgh.

"There is nothing so humane, so well kept, or so interesting as the Abattoir of La Villette," he went on. "If you have not seen it, accompany me there, and confess it is better than anything English."

I thanked him, but suggested that there were more pleasant ways of spending an afternoon than in a slaughter-house, and that butchery outside the bull-ring failed to please me. He said we could go when the killing would be over, and pressed the matter until I made an appointment.

About mid-day on the Wednesday following, we met at the Church of St. Sulpice, walked round the Île de la Cité, down the long, shabby Rue St. Martin, and along the broad, open Rue de Flandres. Butchery was in the air. Blue-coated men hung round the *brasseries*; ever and anon a cart would pass, laden with live pigs singing noisily. My friend was in high spirits, and did all the talking. At his suggestion, we made a short cut into the Rue d'Allemagne, in order to reach the Marché aux Bestiaux before entering the *abattoirs*.

The huge cattle-market was crowded. On the left-hand side were sheep, on the right cattle; the noise was deafening. There were drovers and butchers, and nondescript boys, and even women, running about in all directions. The animals were penned in, and under cover, so that the weather could not affect them. Now and again some half-dozen would be selected, and driven off to be slaughtered.

The market is separated from the *abattoir* by the Canal de l'Oureq, and can accommodate five thousand oxen and twenty thousand sheep, besides pigs and calves innumerable. It has taken the place of the old markets formerly at Sceaux and Poissy. The cattle are brought right up to the place by a branch railway, connected with the principal lines, and are always allowed to rest and feed before they are killed. This humane precaution is of high practical value, for it ensures the good condition of the animal. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson has demonstrated that the flesh of animals killed when they are tired or frightened is often unfit for human food. I tell my companion this last fact to impress him with my knowledge. When we have wandered all round the Marché aux Bestiaux, we cross the canal, turn first to the left, then to the right, and enter the *abattoir*. It is an enormous place, built thirty years ago, and containing sixty or seventy separate erections.

There are the slaughtering-sheds, or *échaudoirs*, as they are called; the *bouveries*, where animals waiting to be killed are kept supplied with food and water; *fondeurs*, or melting-houses, where, I believe, condemned meat, together with numerous uninteresting entrails, is boiled down; *triperies*, where tallow is manufactured; hay-lofts, reservoirs, and innumerable other places whose names and uses I have quite forgotten. The establishment is patrolled by inspectors, though to what extent carcasses are examined I am unable to say. Probably, the method of meat inspections lies half-way between the unscrupulous, systemless habit of the average English butcher and the careful method of the Jewish Board of *Shechita*.

The place is beautifully clean, and there is no evil smell anywhere. Outside the *échaudoirs* there are piles of fresh hides, but, apart from this, one might be in the London Meat Market. The killing is apparently over, and all entrails, heads, and other luxuries have been removed to the different departments where they are specially treated. While we walk round, finding nothing to offend either eye or ear, my voluble companion tells me how *abattoirs* came to be instituted nearly eighty years ago, when private slaughter-houses were in painful evidence all over Paris, and the Seine was becoming very much fouled by the refuse recklessly thrown into it. He tells me that he knew Baltard, who designed this *abattoir*, and that in those days the cattle-markets were miles away, and animals used to be brought from Poissy, La Chapelle, and Les Bernadins. There are *abattoirs* in other outskirts of Paris, but they cannot be compared to this one, where between two and three thousand animals are killed every day.

We pause for a moment at a typical *échaudoir*. There are two people in it—a man, and a boy about sixteen. They have been killing calves and sheep. The man's aspect is not in the least brutal, and the boy has a singularly pleasant expression. They have been at work, he tells me, for several hours, and are now clearing up. Both wear top-boots, rendered necessary because water runs constantly all over the floor. The place is well lighted, and furnished with every implement necessary for speedy progress. The man wears a coarse apron slightly spotted with blood, and in a belt round his waist are knives of all shapes and sizes. His is horrible work undoubtedly, but he lightens it with laugh and jest, preserving a happy mean between sentimentality and barbarity.

Soon after we pass out by the Rue de Flandres, and find an omnibus just starting back again for the church of St. Sulpice.

"Now," says my companion triumphantly, "doesn't our system compare favourably with yours? Do you hope to say that England does things as well as we do? In London there are carts loaded with meat to be seen in your streets in broad daylight. Here all the meat is removed by night."



# "ERMINIE," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.

Photographs by James Bacon and Sons, Leeds.

"Erminie" seems the possessor of everlasting youth. Although Jakowski's catching opera is not very familiar to the Londoner, it is a great favourite in the provinces. It scores heavily from the fact of its having a really witty story to tell in the persons of the two thieves, Ravannes and Cadeau, and so many comic operas have no story of any kind to tell. Leeds had the opportunity of listening to it all last week, when its Amateur Operatic Society produced the opera at the Grand Theatre. "Erminie" is the fifth opera that this Society have produced. Their first attempt was with "Pinafore," which was an artistic success, but a financial failure. Then they produced "Pirates of Penzance," which succeeded in making ends meet. In 1893 "Madame Angot" was played, and a balance of £100 was handed over to the Medical Charities. Twelve months since, "Les Cloches de Corneville" was produced, and the charities received £185, while £25 has since been given to relieve distress. "Erminie" was admirably mounted and staged—the costumes being specially designed for the occasion—and there was a chorus sixty strong. It is essential for the success of the opera that the two thieves should be well played, and that they were by Mr. R. P. Oglesby as Ravannes and Mr. W. Wright, the enthusiastic stage-manager of the production, as Cadeau. Miss Florence Tomlinson (Mrs. A. Child) was very successful in the character of Javotte, which she played with a charming *abandon*. As Erminie, Miss Mary Poole sang in perfect taste.



RAVANNES (MR. OGLESBY) AND CADEAU (MR. WRIGHT).



THE CHEVALIER (MR. TIDSWELL).



THE MARQUIS (MR. H. LASSEY).



EUGÈNE (MR. C. F. HAIGH).



CERISE (MRS. DICKSON).



JAVOTTE (MISS TOMLINSON).



ERMINIE (MISS POOLE).





ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1793.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





ROYAL HORSE GUARDS BLUE (HEAVY MARCHING ORDER), 1893.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## SMALL TALK.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert is to leave Portsmouth on Sunday next for Flushing, accompanied by the Admiralty yacht Enchantress. The Queen will start from Darmstadt for Flushing, travelling by Mayence and Cologne, either on Tuesday night or Wednesday night. On the following morning her Majesty will embark on board the Victoria and Albert, which is to convey her to Port Victoria, whence she will proceed by special train to the South-Western station at Windsor, passing through London by the Waterloo Junction route. Her Majesty will spend three weeks at Windsor Castle, but goes for her birthday to Balmoral, where the Court is to arrive on Thursday, May 23. The Queen will return to Windsor after Ascot race week.

Abdul Karim, the Queen's Indian secretary, has attracted more attention than any other member of the royal suite during the residence of the Court on the Riviera. Abdul drove about Nice in a royal carriage-and-pair, with a Hindoo servant in Oriental garb seated on the box beside the coachman. The Munshi himself was always arrayed in a very grand uniform, with abundance of gold lace, and, being a personage of large and imposing presence, never failed to cause a considerable sensation. The general idea among the natives appeared to be that he was the Royal Eastern Juggler, and irreverent demands were frequently made for a display of his tricks by the Nice *gamins*.

The first State Ball and the first State Concert at Buckingham Palace are to be given during the last week in May, or early in June, while the second ball and the second concert will not take place until the beginning of July, after the Court has returned to Windsor from Balmoral. The dates of all these functions are to be fixed by the Queen and the Prince of Wales as soon as her Majesty returns from the Continent.

The Drawing-Rooms are expected to be very largely attended, and there will probably be a great crowd on both days. The Queen has given strict orders that the new rule is to be rigorously enforced, and that no infringement of it is to be allowed on any pretence whatever. This rule restricts any lady from presenting more than one lady, in addition to her own daughters and daughters-in-law. The lists were quite full before the dates of the May Drawing-Rooms were announced, and over two hundred additional names have since been sent in; so, if her Majesty persists in limiting the number of presentations, a great many ladies will, necessarily, be disappointed. It is probable that the Queen will suspend the new rule for the second Drawing-Room, as it is very doubtful whether her Majesty will be present at that function.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole, who has arrived in town from Dunkeld House, Perthshire, goes to Windsor Castle next week as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Lady Southampton, who has been in attendance for more than six weeks. The Duchess of Athole has not been at Court since August last, when she was in waiting for a fortnight during the Queen's summer residence at Osborne.

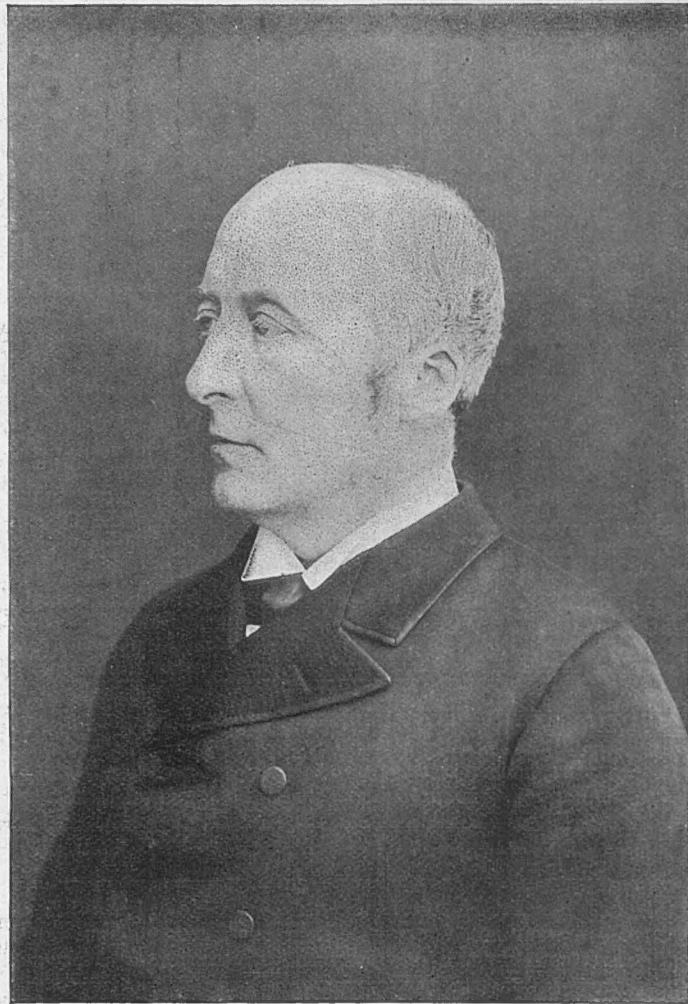
I hope Colonel Arthur Collins will succeed Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane as Comptroller of Accounts. Colonel Collins is not a full-blown reactionary, and he is not likely to exercise that control of the Lord Chamberlain which Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane has made a feature of his department. It is well known that Lord Carrington, on one point of the utmost importance to the theatrical profession, submitted his better judgment to the prejudices of his colleague.

A nice new problem in etiquette has sprung up in Paris. An old friend of M. Félix Faure, who has addressed him as "tu" by letter for thirty-five years, wants to know whether this will be quite regular now he is President of the Republic. The editor to whom this difficulty has been confided feels the responsibility too great for one pair of shoulders, and invites his readers to give their opinions. In England this question does not arise, chiefly because our monarchical language does not recognise the democratic distinction between "tu" and "vous." If an old friend whom I knew for thirty years becomes Prime Minister, I still address him as "you." This seems to be a reason why President Faure's old friend should come over here and be naturalised.

So it is Lady Gwendolen Cecil who wrote "The Curse of Intellect." That is rather a remarkable book to come out of Hatfield, where intellect, at least in the head of the house, is the predominant faculty. I should like to know what Lord Salisbury thinks of the theory that a civilised monkey is superior to the human race, and what London society will say to Lady Gwendolen, who makes the pleasing suggestion that if a monkey appeared in town with immense wealth Mayfair would flock to him.

Is Mr. Fox-Davies, who has written a learned and entertaining book on armorial bearings, liable to endless actions for libel? He says that many people who sport coats-of-arms have no legal right to them, and, what is more, he cites the cases which sustain this charge. Then he indicts people who are entitled to display shields for the wrong supporters, quarterings, and what not; indeed, according to Mr. Fox-Davies, no blunders are so numerous and so egregious as those which disfigure our everyday heraldry. Now, will the citizens who are thus arraigned revise their bearings, or will they sue Mr. Fox-Davies for defamation? This is a very serious matter, for, if we cannot trust a man's coat-of-arms, how can we confide in his moral character?

First and foremost, let me say that Mr. Gully, the new Speaker, is no descendant of the believer in muscle as a power in the world, though, if he had been, it would have been a great boon to caricaturists in search of ideas. Mr. William Court Gully, Q.C., M.P., is in the fortunate or unfortunate position of having a double, a Mr. W. C. Gully, *minus* Q.C. and M.P., attached to the same circuit—the Middle—on which he has been wont to practise. The Speaker of the House of Commons is nearly sixty years old, and a son of the late Dr. James Manby Gully, who owned a "hydro" at Great Malvern, and was a physician of some renown.



MR. WILLIAM COURT GULLY, Q.C., M.P.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Mrs. Gully, who now becomes a social figure of importance, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Selby. Mr. Gully has resided for many years in Harley Street, and I believe he has a country seat at Dunstable. He has represented Whitehaven in the Liberal interest for nine years, and during this time he passed quietly and unobtrusively a brief Act making slanders on women actionable whether damage is proved or not. His manner is delightfully suave, his face rather reminds one of Lord Davey, and his voice is melodious. I believe he will worthily fill the high position to which the House of Commons has called him. At all events, he has my best wishes.

There is uproar in the ranks of Transatlantic dudes over the wholesale kidnapping of compatriot heiresses by British *milors*. The grievance is one of standing, but only now has young America assumed the self-assertive on this crying question. Who is to decide between Mayfair and Fifth Avenue while lovely woman longs to be "my lady"? It is a fair barter surely—old mortgaged acres for the new emancipating dollar—and has become classic through custom. But this notwithstanding, young men *outré mer* are taking matters seriously at the moment and would willingly join forces with the Radicals in a crusade of extermination against the Upper House. What the heiresses will do is problematical. I recently put the case to one of them regarding her sisters oversea, and she was emphatic on the probabilities of an eventual emigration, not to say exodus.

It will be good news to her many admirers to hear that Miss Marguerite Macintyre will reappear, after three or four years' absence from England, at Mr. Percy Notcutt's concert, in Queen's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, May 4. On the same occasion, a long list of favourite vocalists, including Madame Gomez, Mr. Santley, Miss Clara Butt, and the Meister Glee Singers, will sing. Miss Fanny Davies will play some pianoforte solos, and an enjoyable concert is assured.

The charming residence, St. Mildred's Court, Westgate-on-Sea, should create some interest when it comes to the hammer to-morrow at the Mart, E.C. Its extensive accommodation and delightful sea-view make it a tempting acquisition.



Miss Cicely Turner, whose performance as Betsy Baker in Mr. Lawrence Hanray's musical version of Maddison Morton's famous old farce has recently received such favourable comments, is a pupil of Mr. Richard Mackway, and is still studying under that well-known

musical scholar. Her first professional appearance was in "Miss Decima," at the Criterion, then she went on tour with the same opera, playing a small part and understudying Miss Decima herself. This part she played on two or three occasions, and received a congratulatory letter from Mr. Charles Wyndham on her success. An engagement in "Ma Mie Rosette" at the Globe Theatre followed, and was succeeded by a pantomime engagement at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, where she played "second girl." Various appearances with amateur dramatic companies, with whom she is a great favourite, displayed her versatility. Lottie in "The Two Roses," Lucy in "Dream Faces," Agnes Ralston in "Jim the



MISS CICELY TURNER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Penman," Ruth in "Ruth's Romance," Nan in "Good for Nothing," Sophie Orme in "The Monk's Room," Constance Howard in "False Shame," being among the many parts she has played. She was then engaged by Mr. Oscar Barrett for the Lyceum pantomime "Santa Claus," in which she understudied Miss Clara Jecks, whose part she played very successfully on the one occasion that Miss Jecks was away.

Apropos of "Gentleman Joe, the Hansom Cabby," whose career is elaborately illustrated in this issue, I may take note of the curious riddle, "Why should not a gentlewoman drive a hansom cab?" propounded by "The woman who would" to the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. What with the woman who did, and the woman who would, I have ceased to speculate on the next move of the wonderful sex; but I can't help dropping into rhyme after the manner of Mr. Arthur Roberts over this latest aspiration of our sisters—

The maiden of the day can get employment  
In heaps of occupations, it is true;  
And yet she, somehow, fails to find enjoyment  
In many of the paths she might pursue.  
She says she won't be driven as a slavey  
(At household work she rarely is a dab),  
And nursing she disdains—she prefers to hold the reins,  
So she wants to drive a hansom cab.  
On a hansom, on a hansom,  
Imagine Marguerita, Flo, or Mab!  
She'll paint the town all red,  
If they'll let her get her head,  
By driving of a hansom cab.

You see a lady driving to the races,  
Or managing the ribbons in the Park,  
With a hackney who is stylish in his paces,  
A cab who is an object for remark.  
And wherefore should she not take out a licence,  
To earn an honest living by the art?  
She'd probably do worse, as a governess or nurse,  
Without the chance of looking half so smart.  
On a hansom, on a hansom,  
She'd wear a covert-coat of dainty drab,  
And a saucy little hat.  
Hearts would flutter pit-a-pat,  
If you set her on a hansom cab.

In fancy I have noted her careering  
Along by Piccadilly and the Grand,  
I've seen her (in imagination) steering  
Her way among the traffic in the Strand.  
The youths would all be wanting her to drive them  
(Though cabbies would be sure to keep aloof),  
And a Johnnie as a fare would be half inclined to stare  
At her curly head when peeping through the roof.  
In a hansom, in a hansom,  
Well, a driver, it is said, should never blab;  
But the maiden of to-day  
Would be sure to write a play  
Or a book about her hansom cab.

Mr. Irving has fixed Saturday evening, May 4, for the production at the Lyceum of the new one-act play, by the late Mr. Wills, on a chapter of "Don Quixote," together with Mr. Conan Doyle's short piece, "A Story of Waterloo." Accordingly, the run of "King Arthur" at night

must come to an end on Friday week. There will be, however, Wednesday and Saturday *matinées* of Mr. Comyn Carr's play, beginning with May 8.

Sarah Siddons would have an unpleasant five minutes if she could be reading, as I now am, that at a cheap-price variety house in San Francisco, which is just changing hands, the principal star is to be Ida Siddons, "the famous queen of burlesque." This is almost as bad as desecration.

We all of us know that Mr. Tree is one of the greatest masters of the art of theatrical "making-up," but those who have not fully realised the significance of the expression should turn to a very interesting account of a dressing-room interview from the pen of a leading Boston dramatic critic. Mr. Tree was that evening making his debut in "the hub of the universe," the bill consisting of "The Ballad-Monger" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Altering the usual order of things, the Haymarket actor-manager was playing Shakspeare's comedy last, and this gave him much less time than is customary for the change from Gringoire to Falstaff. By the almost superhuman efforts of his dressers and himself, Mr. Tree managed to effect the transformation from the starveling street-poet to the fat knight in something over a quarter of an hour, thus breaking his own record. He might well be proud of such an achievement. In this connection, it may be pointed out that M. Victor Maurel has a wonderful make-up for his appearance in the title-part of Verdi's last opera. The French baritone encases himself in a cotton-cloth cuirass, supported by whalebone and leather pads, and amply stuffed with wadding; and this formidable apparatus, fastenings and all, weighs fifteen pounds or thereabouts. Unlike Mr. Tree, M. Maurel increases the dimensions of the face of his Falstaff by means of cardboard cheekbones.

There is no limit to the audacity of these American playwrights. A certain gentleman, named Richard Stahl, besides writing the music for comic operas, has had the presumption to dramatise "The Heavenly Twins." The two delightful title-character's will play important parts in the piece, which is also to be provided amply with music. Is Richard Stahl going to burlesque poor Madame Sarah Grand, I wonder?

A Kansas theatrical manager has found an easy way out of the ladies' hats obstruction difficulty. He simply prints, in a conspicuous position on the programme, the request that ladies will kindly remove their hats, "as a favour to the management," and the fair edifice-wearers are acceding to his wish as meekly as lambs. Other managers, please copy.

Here is a picture of Miss Mabel Love as she appeared on the night of her benefit at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, where she has been playing the part of Maid Marian during the pantomime. The floral tributes offered by her admirers were on a scale fit to stock a Court florist, and the enthusiasm was not a whit less lavish.



MISS MABEL LOVE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



I much regret to be compelled to find fault with a well-meaning institution, but the ways of Bank Holiday are full of noise, malt liquor, and other abominations. Last year, I spent Easter at Brighton, met all sorts of people I would have rather left unmet, and ended by listening to the voice of a friend who knew of two certainties for forthcoming races. I came back to London with nothing left but a bad temper; and when the races came off, two or three weeks later, one certainty ran fourth and the other was scratched. The recollection of this misadventure made me decide to spend Easter Monday in town, and have a quiet day. At two o'clock, I proceeded to the restaurant in which I am wont to lunch, and found my favourite corner occupied by rustics who had come up to discover London. Whatever brought them to the out-of-the-way hostelry of my choice and fancy I can't make out; but, there they were, giving orders with an accent as broad as the Atlantic. I suppose that, as London turns her surplus population into the country, the country feels disposed to retaliate. Finally, I decided to go down to Streatham and smoke away the rest of the afternoon in the grounds of a friend. So, in an evil hour, I reached Victoria Station, and tried to hide in the corner of a first-class carriage originally built to hold ten persons.

Before we started, the carriage contained fourteen souls, two babies, several flasks of spirits, and a concertina, all bound for the Crystal Palace. The concertina and babies made atrocious noises, the flasks circulated, thirteen out of the fourteen souls were in a state to describe which I must borrow the schoolboy expression, "beastly jolly." The contagion of conviviality spread until it reached to my corner, and something feminine, wiping the neck of a flask with the back of her hand, "'oped she might take the libbatty." I explained that I had just signed the pledge, although my explanation gave work to the Recording Angel. I spoke sweetly, but the female drew back the bottle with a jerk, and requested me not to be "so 'uffy" on a "Benk Olerdy." In five minutes I was forgotten or forgiven, a "bloke" started to torture the concertina, sandwiches were produced, and only the strains of "'E dunno where 'e are" disturbed the harmony. All this was as bad as could be hoped for, but let the man who has tried to pass through a carriage containing thirteen Bank Holiday fellow-creatures imagine what it cost me to get out of the carriage at Streatham. The "happy family" recollected that I had scorned the proffered spirit-bottle. My punishment was in their hands; I reached the platform a pitiable wreck, shattered by this merry-making vendetta. Then, to make matters worse, the gang thronged to the window, and hurled derisive remarks at me. Decidedly Bank Holiday should be abolished.

I have heard and read of many strange slips made by pulpit orators, but till Easter Sunday never personally experienced one. But on the evening of the day in question, at a certain South London church, the preacher, in a discourse appropriate to the Church's great festival, remarked that, "as Jonah lay for three days and three nights in the belly of the earth, so He lay for three days and three nights in the bosom of the"—but the word "whale" was not quite reached. Something in the sound of the "wh" served to awake the preacher to the perilousness of his position. He stumbled, retraced his steps a little, and substituted the word earth, leaving, however, the first earth uncorrected. The effect was, I must confess, rather ludicrous; but I believe that the slip escaped the notice of the bulk of the congregation, though I noticed a stray smile or two on the faces of listeners within my ken.

In the palmy days of the late "Arthur Sketchley," we were all of us familiar with the extraordinary views taken of public events by that peculiarly constituted female "Mrs. Brown." The other day, in a tramcar, I sat next an elderly woman who, I am sure, must be a lineal descendant of that legendary lady. Said her friend to her on hearing the shouts of an evening-paper boy: "So them horrible Chinese has got to knuckle down." "Yes," replied the present-day Mrs. Brown; "my son Jack, who's been in them parts, says that China's a-going to be Japanned; but I can't see no good in Japanning a thing like China." At first I thought she was a humorist, but, on listening to her further remarks, I came to the conclusion that the humorist was her son Jack. There are many of us, Sir Edwin Arnold probably among the number, who think that a good coat of Japan would do no harm to the Old China in question.

What is the nature of the effect that coloured light invariably takes upon a sensitive or vulgar temperament? When last in an East-End hall, I realised for the first time the full power of limelight. There was a serio-comic on the stage—as I do not wish her any harm, I refrain from mentioning her name—but her singing and dancing would have baffled a slang dictionary. Despite the entire absence of any attractive element in her performance, the girl drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house as soon as the man in the wings put the various coloured slides in front of the lime. I scanned the faces of the audience with great care, and found in them a curious study. Men, women, and children alike seemed thrilled by the tawdry effects of purple, red, blue, and green. They bent forward in their seats, they assumed for a few brief moments a look of intelligence—or, at least, enjoyment; the change was startling. No sooner did the curtain fall than they relapsed into the old semi-indifferent state, but for the moment they were palpably moved. Fairly considered, this trifle in the characteristics of men and women whose sources of amusement are few gives rise to much speculation. It cannot be an appreciation of the beautiful that wakes their enthusiasm, for the colours were anathema to the eye, crude and primary—turned on, one after the other, like the tunes of a barrel-organ.

Being a raw recruit in the dryas dust grooves of the statistician, I was surprised to find, on comparing some recent figures, that there are only one hundred thousand Jews, more or less, in London. We have a habit of thinking that the ubiquitous Israelite is over-abundant, his striking qualities of feature and figure somewhat contributing to the impression. But, though one alien in fifty is a goodly proportion, it is the Jewish characteristic that multiplies his apparent numbers. At the Bar it is a well-admitted fact that Jewish and Irish lawyers make the most brilliant advocates, while in art, music, and surely literature, the artistic descendant of the Chosen People amply justifies his traditional gifts. Times have changed since Isaac Disraeli unsuccessfully tried to blandish senators at St. Stephen's by offering to surround that unopened sesame with sovereigns on end for his admission, and a more liberal spirit happily obtains than that which erroneously relegated all hooked noses to Houndsditch and Holloway.

As the observant Briton claiming kinship with Captain Cuttle, I feel bound "to make a note on" the amusing warmth with which Parisians have taken some of our insular customs to heart lately. The rage for tailor-made garments has been followed up by a similar enthusiasm for the social rite of tea-taking, and all that section of gay Paris which has liberty to occupy itself frivolously may be seen sipping five o'clock libations at certain fashionable tea-shops every afternoon. Champagne is certainly kept on tap for some of the more awakened palates of young Paris, but tea is consumed with ardour by their fair belongings; and the cup that cheers is now of excellent quality, too.

Newspapers are responsible for many things, but who would have supposed that the failing eyesight of a generation is to be laid to their charge as well? Print, the scientists tell us, however, is ruining our eyes, and a too liberal indulgence in current gossip and small type has occasioned the unbecoming arrival of the spectacles through which so many are now reduced to peer at life. Only the unlettered minority who cannot read may hope to go through the world unglazed; the rest are steadily tending towards an assisted outlook. An anti-climax may resolve itself into total abolition of editors later on. Who knows?

A girl dropped a paste button into the contribution-box, and was afterwards contrite. She sought the pastor of that particular church, and laid bare her wrong-doing. "Your conscience troubled you," he said; "and that is the beginning of repentance." "Well, not quite!" she exclaimed. "You see, paste buttons are all the rage, and I have spoiled a set by indulging in a long-established habit. But if I may exchange the button for sixpence, I shall be happy to do so."

On the subject of actresses' costume a good deal has been said and written in this over-expressed generation. But Victorien Sardou seems to have put the thing in a nutshell when, in speaking *ex cathedra* on this pregnant subject, he lately announced that an author should wield the discretionary sceptre even in the matter of a "first lady's" frock. "Mon ami," he lately confided to an edified but much-awed British author, "if I did not insist on what these dear creatures are to wear, each one would probably choose red, to draw special attention to herself, and where, then, would be my lines?" Surely, if Sardou is a cynic, he may be forgiven on account of his intimate knowledge of complex femininity. In another matter, this veteran dramatist is also an example to the lay *littérateur* who writes till 3 a.m., and breakfasts on strawberries and bitters, for rising with the lark is a creed of the great Frenchman, and night-work he freely stigmatises as "Unearthly, and savouring of lunacy." Hear that, ye ardent tyros, who tune your thoughts to evil-odoured kerosene!

Sharp practice is not a thing unknown to a certain class of theatrical agents, and the very latest example of which I have heard is worth repeating. The Continental agent of a large London house recently received the "order of the push," and, believing he had been ill-treated, vowed vengeance. A few weeks ago he learned that the manager of the London house was coming over, and would stop at the Hôtel X. He immediately took a room there. Mr. Manager arrived, and on the following morning received his new agent, while the old one listened outside the door. The unconscious men in the room arranged to book half-a-dozen "turns" during the morning. Off went the old agent with the speed of greased lightning and some blank contract-forms, sought the six chosen people, and persuaded them to sign agreements with him for various places of which he controls the artistic supply. When agent the second went round, later in the day, there was a large assortment of envy, malice, uncharitableness, and swear words. And this, strange though it may be, is absolutely and undeniably true; while, were I so disposed, I could give names, dates, and places.

Who was Gustave Lambert? According to the *Figaro*, he was the Frenchman who ought to have discovered the North Pole. His idea of approaching that mystery anticipated Nansen's, but he could not impress it upon the French geographers of his time. Moreover, he was killed by the Germans at the siege of Paris. It follows from this that Germany has robbed France of a distinction which has fallen to Sweden. The *Figaro* says Nansen is a Norwegian, but that is a minor detail in the midst of such an international complication. The real point is that, if France were not the victim of universal perfidy, Lambert would have planted the tricolour on those mountains where, says the *Figaro*, Nansen has discovered the Pole in a temperature almost as mild as that of Niagara Hall.



Teheran, the Persian capital, has recently been *en fête*, the occasion being the arrival of the Russian envoy entrusted with the mission to announce the accession of the Czar. The extent of the influence of Russia in Persia is very apparent at such seasons as this, and the reception accorded to her representative has been very cordial. The envoy, General Krapotkin, possesses a peculiar interest to England as being the General who was appointed in 1885 to command the Russian troops when war was so imminent on the Afghan frontier. It was on the occasion of receiving his command that the General was reported to have drawn the attention of the Russians to the fact that our native troops were considerably underrated. He is, if report is to be trusted, considerably impressed by the fighting qualities of the famous Sikhs and other notable Indian soldiery, the value of whom is usually unrecognised by the Russian military authorities. The festivities at Teheran on the occasion of General Krapotkin's visit lasted a fortnight, and were of a brilliant character. The Persian army manœuvred on the parade-ground—one of the largest in the world—for his especial benefit, although whether the miscellaneous horde was calculated to duly impress one accustomed to European military systems is a moot point. The foreign

Unsatisfactory accounts have come to hand of the opera season in Lisbon. The San Carlos Opera House is a delightful place, musicians are plentiful, prices are low, and yet a great financial success cannot be attained. The sad financial depression is accountable for it all. Portuguese matters are terribly muddled, there has been mismanagement, corruption, and imbecility among the country's rulers, and now things cannot be much worse. The pity of it is that Portugal is a country deserving the best of everything. The country in general, and the North and South coasts in particular, are beautiful beyond ordinary description. The Tagus is one of Europe's best rivers. Nature does a great deal of work in return for a very little attention, and the climate is a thing of joy. These advantages are, to a large extent, lost in the extreme poverty of the place. The "living wage" is a thing unheard of, and beggary, though clothed in the picturesque garb of Portugal and enriched with old Moorish surroundings, is none the less painful than, in the sordid atmosphere of the East-End of London. Moreover, there seems no probability of improvement. The present *régime* may alter, but the prospects of the country can hardly improve by the change. But, after all, Lisbon could have better afforded the loss of many more



General Krapotkin.

The Naib Sultan.

THE VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN ENVOY, GENERAL KRAPOTKIN, TO TEHERAN.

legations, by means of receptions and dinner-parties, also aided in giving welcome to the distinguished guest. We can well imagine that it was with something more than passing interest that General Krapotkin found himself face to face with Sir Mortimer Durand, the recently appointed British minister, whose prestige in Afghanistan is so well recognised. As regards the native portion of the festivities, the chief burden fell upon the Naib Sultan—the third son of the Shah—who fills the important posts of Commander-in-Chief and Governor of Teheran. The Heir-Apparent was also present in the capital; but, as is not unusual in Oriental kingdoms, he was content to efface himself, doubtless regarding the fact that he is governor of a distant province as being sufficient reason for avoiding any intrigue which might arise from an appearance of prominence in the capital itself.

No wonder that General Annenkoff has been indignantly protesting against the charges of embezzlement recently made in connection with his administration of relief work on the Trans-Caspian Railway to sufferers from the late famine. It is with the Trans-Caspian Railway that the name of Annenkoff will be indelibly associated, and his labours with regard to that line literally paved the way for that still greater scheme of a railway right across the continent to Vladivostock, concerning which Mr. Henry Norman has just been saying so much. General Annenkoff, now famous as a constructive engineer of colossal calibre, began life, so they say, in the very different capacity of Court page. Physically he is but a small man, but his energy is indomitable, and another striking contrast is afforded by his white hair and dark eyes.

important things than the success of opera, once her legitimate pride and joy.

To-night the dinner in aid of the funds of the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, which celebrates its centenary festival, takes place. This institution, now situated at West Norwood, within a couple of miles of the Crystal Palace, was founded in 1795, and had its first home in the far East-End. To-day the "Hospital," as it is usually called, holds an important position among the charitable institutions of the Jewish community. Nearly three hundred orphan children are maintained in the building, clothed, fed, educated, and finally placed in some position from which to start the ascent of the social ladder, and lead honest, reputable lives. The committee has put forward an appeal for twenty thousand pounds for the purpose of extending the building and accommodating more orphans, and it is safe to say that they will get what they ask for. To-night, Alderman Faudel Phillips will be in the chair. "supported," says an advertisement, "by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs." This sounds strange, but I suppose it is all right. In fact, I am assured that the support will be moral rather than physical. In the list of stewards I see the names of the Chief Rabbi (Dr. Adler), Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. "Barney" Barnato, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir Augustus Harris, Sir George Kekewich, Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir Philip Magnus, Lord Rothschild, Viscount de Stern, Baron Henry de Worms, and very many other men of light, leading, and large banking accounts. I would willingly change places with the Jews' Hospital for the next twenty-four hours,



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I suppose that at least once in his life a man ought to appear before a magistrate. The experience is part of his education, of his citizenship; and without it, however distinguished he may otherwise be, he is incomplete. Whether he should figure in the dock or the witness-box is a point for a deeper philosophy than I am employing in this page; but, with a natural repugnance to invidious distinctions, I may hazard the suggestion that in the fitful fever of this town even the dock may be a haven of calm. To some it is a recreation which never grows stale. Miss Jane Cakebread, of the principal police-courts, who has lately made her 275th appearance on this stage, turns it to excellent account for the practice of badinage. For her a crowded moment of spontaneous humour is worth three months without the option of a fine. I envy that happy spirit. Most of us toil and moil, and never have a glorious opportunity of "checking the beak." However, to stand in the witness-box is the next best thing, and this I have recently had the good fortune to enjoy.

A gentleman of France, against whom I bear no insular malice, has been charged with taking an illicit fancy to my name, and affixing it to compromising documents. Why my name, of all others, should have this mystical attraction as a signature, I do not know; but the fact is gratifying. Without it I should not have had the felicity of seeing myself in the police-reports—that is to say, not yet, for who can tell what agreeable whim of fate he may be the sport of? The main point is that fame has been thrust upon me; for fame it is, though in a guise which might not satisfy every ambition. I take it as it comes, with fitting gratitude, especially as I observe the green tint of envy in brother scribes, who ask, in a slightly acidulated tone, "What possessed him to choose *your* name?" All I know is that a man must not quarrel with destiny, when it is beneficent. Moreover, I am still exhilarated by the remembrance that I was sworn, not on the greasy cover of the sacred volume, but on a nice clean page inside, commended to my lips by a thoughtful usher. Overcome by this delicate attention, I did not notice what prophet was chosen for the ceremony, nor did I ask the magistrate whether any legal complications could arise if a witness were to take the oath, by preference, on the Apocrypha. I have some theologically minded friends, who would have discussed this question with freedom, and even heat; but, as Renan has justly said, truth is not for the passionate man. She reserves herself for the spirit of disinterested inquiry.

Never have I spent such a tranquil morning. The Court seemed to me that ideal spot on earth which is free from bias. Nobody fretted. The magistrate gazed impartially over his spectacles; his clerk took depositions with a serenity and accuracy almost celestial; the accused in the dock was as placid as an angler in a punt; solicitors sat in a row, as if a life spent in watching the course of justice were far above fees; policemen came and went without animus. There was a cathedral-like stillness, scarcely broken by the gentle hum of evidence, by the magisterial murmur, which ended now and then in "hard labour," by the tread of the prisoners, as they came into the dock to breathe this atmosphere of peace and goodwill. Mere prejudice was not visible, even in a prosecutor who failed to establish a charge of robbery because of the trifling circumstance that, when the crime was committed, he was drunk and incapable. As there was no case, the two youths he had indicted were discharged; but they showed no indecent exultation. Possibly they were full of foolish noise elsewhere; here they tasted the joy of triumph with passive dignity. I say, advisedly, that to visit a police-court, in any capacity, is to receive lessons of fortitude and to acquire dispassionate judgment.

Among the joys of Eastertide has anybody noticed the Renaissance of the Concertina? For some years past the melody of that instrument at holiday-time has grown fainter and fainter. Once it offered the supreme expression of Bank Holiday delirium; but latterly I observed with pain that, as a medium of instrumental and muscular exercise, it had begun to pall upon its devotees. The cornet remained to cheer them, and to make 'Arry rise on Easter Monday morning with the cry—

O for a blast of that dread 'orn,  
On Bow and Mile End echoes borne,  
That to old pals did come,  
When 'Arriet remarked "Wot cheer!"  
And all the blokes, well primed with beer,  
To 'Appy 'Ampstead 'ied!

But it seemed odd that the concertina should lose the suffrages of the joyous multitude. A certain prejudice might have been intelligible had

General Booth perceived the possibilities of this minister of sound, so well adapted to the 'crashing' style of execution which distinguishes his musicians. But for some mysterious reason the Salvation Army prefers brass.

Last week, however, I was greeted everywhere by the familiar notes, accompanied by bursts of song. In each case the concertina was played by a hardy son of toil, who sawed the air, hurling aggressive minstrelsy at society; till I wondered whether this might be an omen. When the social revolution comes, and our "Ça Ira" startles the echoes in mildewed institutions, will the concertina crack the tympanum of the doomed *bourgeoisie*? With a certain sense of relief, I note that the Conference of the Independent Labour Party at Newcastle did not make compulsory training with this instrument the duty of every hereditary bondsman. And yet the day may come when ten thousand concertinas will drown the last despairing plea of the old social order!

I cannot understand this sudden craving for a monument of Dickens. He left a most explicit injunction in his will against anything of the kind, and for twenty-five years his wishes have been scrupulously respected. Somebody has now discovered that London owes him a bronze statue, and the cry is taken up by people who ought to know better. Why, London is stuffed with statues of mediocrities and nonentities, and Dickens probably had these in his mind when he expressly vetoed the idea of putting him in competition with such a company. If it comes to effigies, what is a bronze statue compared with the Duke of York's column? There is no sense of proportion in these memorials, and the enlightened foreigners, who judge us by our trophies for triumphal show, might fairly assume that Nelson and the Duke of York divide the chief monumental honours between them. Instead of erecting more statues, it would be better to authorise our ædiles to pull down at least three-fourths of those which already offer their ineptitude to the embraces of the fog and the derision of sparrows. Years ago, a certain General Strode indulged a mania for dotting public squares with images of nobodies. This would never have been permitted in any other city of the civilised world; but the gallant Strode, who was a sort of military Mr. Dick, and could not keep a stone head out of the memorial, was not checked by any municipal or artistic spirit. The proper place for most statues is Rosherville Gardens, and I should like to see them transported to that delectable spot, where their admirers might spend a happy day.

What estimate Dickens formed of his posthumous fame I do not know; but, with a natural pride, he wished to live in his books, or perish utterly. That the vitality of his genius is still prodigious, nobody can question; and that in any case it cannot be recruited by bronze is equally indisputable. The whole idea of a statue springs from the absurd assumption that unless we stick a man's counterfeit on a pedestal, we are wanting in respect for his memory. A writer in the *Speaker* suggests that there might be reason in setting up monuments of familiar characters in Dickens—Sam Weller in Holborn, Mr. Micawber waiting for something to turn up in Capel Court, Mr. Guppy shedding a disinterested smile on Doctors' Commons, Mr. Squeers contemplating with astonishment and displeasure the offices of the London School Board. These figures might have a symbolic significance not without value, and they would look a good deal more picturesque in bronze than their creator; but, after all, if they cannot be preserved in the language, of what avail is it to mould them in solid metal?

Alphonse Daudet is coming to London next month, and his visit has roused the old interest in his affinity with Dickens. It is true that Desirée Delobelle, in "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," was very nearly a doll's dressmaker, like Jenny Wren in "Our Mutual Friend," and that Daudet was warned of the coincidence in time. But there is no other point of resemblance between Desirée and Jenny. In "Jack" the miserable life of the child has the Dickens atmosphere, and in "Le Nabab," the little clerk, Joyeuse, reminds you irresistibly of R. Weller. The whole Joyeuse household might easily be transferred to the pages of Dickens with very slight alteration. An essay might be written on Tartarin and Micawber to establish at least a cousinly relation; for Micawber is not flesh of our island flesh; he belongs to no country, and might be incorporated in the Gascon optimism. But Daudet's style is his own, and has no parallel here in its subtle delicacy and grace. His shorter pieces are incomparable. "Les Femmes d'Artistes," with that exquisite prelude which sketches so happily his own domestic life, has an infinite charm of observation, humour, and melancholy, wholly free from the mawkish sentimentality which disfigures the great English writer with whom he is sometimes compared, to the honour of both.





HARMONY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## MR. FILEY AND THE BOY'S SISTER.

BY JOHN X. STUART.

It may be said with accuracy that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Filey under conditions that are not likely to escape my memory, and although the true and particular account of his history may be further recorded by his biographer—if he have any—certain episodes in his career up to a point, sketchy and fragmentary, are known to me. Of the closing tragedy—or was it comedy?—I am an unimpeachable witness.

Now, what do I know of his life?—and I reply “Not much”; repeat the same query as to his death, and I say “A good deal.”

Mr. Filey—with an emphasis on the *Mister*, for he was the proud possessor of an innate gentility which always commands that measure of respect—had been in the banking-house of Messrs. Lombard, Street, and Company from the time when the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, and that means about forty years in these days.

So far as I remember, there was never any appreciable alteration in his appearance: he started by looking old, and there was an end of it. Slightly bent, his clothes fair to middling, but inside them a courteous and refined instinct that carried weight even with the perky products of the City companies' and other class schools, from which the junior ranks of the bank staff were recruited. He had been associated time out of mind with the performance of some low-grade routine work, and did it sufficiently well to avoid being discharged. No one remembered his being put to the duty, but he had done it ever since.

The question naturally arises, Did Mr. Filey ever have a chance, and if so, how did he miss using it? And thereby hangs part of the tale. Only one or two of the older men knew it—and they did not speak of it until he was dead—that Mr. Filey laid his heart and his career on the same altar, and there they remained even until *the day*.

Who would have associated the time-beaten Mr. Filey, as I knew him, with the sedate young man of the same name who was establishing a certain reputation and banking fame thirty-five years ago? Yet these two were one flesh, the only difference—the only, as usual, being as great as infinity—that *she*, the embodiment of fate, had not yet arisen and blotted out all the other stars from his little firmament.

What was there in that light-hearted, curly-headed youngster, the Boy, to attract the sedate Mr. Filey? His very opposite in everything—thought, occupation, disposition, all and absolutely dissimilar; but Mr. Filey, whose only relation in the world was an old aunt, got to love the Boy. And how easy the transmission of affection, how naturally, and as a matter of course, did Mr. Filey get to love the Boy's Sister!

The sedate bachelor accepted, with a measure of good-humour, the Boy's invitation home; and went, it may be inferred, rather that he would not disappoint the Boy, than for any pleasure he took in visiting.

Here he found, in a shabby-genteel surrounding, a broken-down military man who had gone the pace, and a querulous woman whose money he had squandered, to keep him in bad humour—not that this flow required much greasing. And the Sister, a petulant beauty, trained in the worst school of mutiny against circumstances; but the Sister made a breach in the heart of Mr. Filey, and against his better judgment.

Mr. Filey laid his heart on the altar of the Boy's Sister, and she was not glad, as is the way of women.

But he loved her with a whole-heartedness that she was not competent to understand, and to her, Mr. Filey as the suitor was rather the first opportunity that had offered of shelving the parent and the poverty than anything else.

But one redeeming feature about the Boy's Sister was in that she loved the Boy, and it impressed Mr. Filey because it was a point they held in common, and about the only one upon which they agreed.

And the opportunity arrived of testing his love for both, and Mr. Filey did not shrink.

The short hours at the bank threw a great many opportunities in the way of the Boy increasing his knowledge of the world, and he found it vastly more to his liking than the house where his father lived, even though the roof also covered the head of his Sister.

And other men's sisters took kindly to the Boy, and he was soon in the way of going the same beautiful pace as his tolerated progenitor, only he was too young to have a wife whose money he could waste, and he was in consequence soon obliged to see how the necessary assistance to the devil could be raised.

He was not a bad Boy on the whole, rather the contrary; but a little billiards here, and a half-crown upon the wrong horse there, effectually disposed of the family contribution to his expenditure.

And things got pressing, and dirty men came and inquired for him at the bank, and one day an item of ten pounds paid out was ingeniously altered into forty, for the Boy was clever. But the audit is no respecter of persons, and the “error” was promptly discovered.

The Boy was assisting Mr. Filey, and it was the books of Mr. Filey that had been manipulated. The manager called for an explanation, and the Boy guessed what was in progress. By some means or other, Mr. Filey grasped the situation in a moment, and, to shield the Boy, he said the mistake was his own, but he was sorry that he could not explain it.

And the sitting director and the two managers knew that he lied to shield some other, and Mr. Filey saw that they knew he lied. And just as there exists some deadly poisons that, judiciously administered, prolong life, so are there some misdoings that lift the misdoer very close to

heaven. Mr. Filey went out broke. In consideration of his past career, they would consider how they could employ him further, and, in the meantime, some detail work would be given him at a small salary. The death of one of the managers while they were considering it, and the reorganisation of the official routine, left him in the position to which they relegated him, and there he always remained.

The Boy went home and told his Sister, with sobs, of the greatness of her lover, but she only inquired how the “breaking” would affect his pay. After consideration, she concluded that a flashy music-hall manager, who had been hanging round, would be a better financial catch, and she married him right off. That day Mr. Filey grew old—about sixty—and his star went out. The twin fiends that make people old—viz., Time and Trouble—had done their devilmost for Mr. Filey, and could afford to leave him and worry other people.

The girl's beauty in the new surroundings in which she found herself brought her scores of admirers, and they were always welcome when they came with their hands full. And the music-hall manager objected, and she wearied of his objecting, and one day she left him, still objecting, and went off with one of the admirers.

And then she went off with other admirers, and her face grew lined, and her lustrous black eyes became lack-lustred, and the suicide of her old father affected her somewhat when she heard of it; and one day, years afterwards, the music-hall manager saw her selling matches in the gutter in Oxford Street, and did not quite know whether he was sorry.

The Boy “went out” somewhere, and got shot by some woman's husband before he was twenty-five.

Thus far I am a faithful chronicler of other people's statements, and from this I speak of what happened because I saw it.

Somebody in the bank started a club of some kind, and the season was closed with a smoking-concert at an hotel off Shaftesbury Avenue, and I had an invitation.

A vociferous crowd it was, of some three hundred, and Mr. Filey went, with his usual good-nature, to support the club.

He sat quietly listening, and there was a “wait” of undue length, with its accompaniment of disapprobation from the audience.

In a moment of jest, the chairman said “Mr. Filey would oblige,” and Mr. Filey stood up. The audience took in the situation, and yelled with delight at the joke, and the perky accompanist got ready for a vamp of exceptional humour.

With a polite bow to the Chair, and an entire disregard of the roaring mirth around, Mr. Filey started. And he had not sung two bars before they quieted down. The song was a curiously plaintive ditty, with an old English flavour about it, and of a school that has been dead for half a century.

It got more pathetic as it progressed, his voice got more beautiful, and, without knowing it, Mr. Filey stumbled on the secret of all fine acting—that of making the audience feel what he himself felt.

I never saw such a scene but once, and that was at a little Italian circus near Milan; a serious little, red-nosed, bandy-legged man came on, and the audience yelled with laughter. He opened his mouth and began to sing, and he had the most glorious and luscious tenor that was ever heard on earth. The Italians know a tenor voice when they hear it, and they heard it on that occasion—but that is another story.

It was marvellous how the rowdy audience was sobered and hung on to Mr. Filey's song with bated breath and even wet eyes. But the climax was not yet. There was still a third verse, and the singer got more passionate, but never grotesque. He seemed to get young all at once, after the same fashion as he had got old, and the man and the song got pleading in their intensity. He was urging the sacrifice of his heart and life as some claim upon “her” compassion.

And here was the curious part of it all.

They thought that the man was singing to them, *but he wasn't*. On the stairs, in the partially opened doorway, with a curious look upon her face, stood an old draggled hag selling matches, and, although he had never seen her since *the day*, Mr. Filey by some means knew that it was the remains of the Boy's Sister, and the woman knew that the man was Mr. Filey.

And he stretched out his withered hands to her, as though she were still the beauty that had attracted him those long years ago. And the words of the song were those he had written to her when she broke his heart.

The close of that song was positively majestic, and, with a sort of sob, Mr. Filey sat down, with his head on his hands.

They yelled and screamed for the song again till the police came in. Someone touched Mr. Filey on the shoulder, and he fell down on to the floor.

We thought something was the matter with him; but there was not much—he was only dead. And then there was a spectacle that made the bank people rub their eyes and discredit the evidence of their senses, for over the lifeless body of the respectable Mr. Filey knelt a withered old creature in a bundle of ragged finery, crushing boxes of matches in her frenzied hands, and calling upon Mr. Filey to love her once again, and she would be true, and she called upon God to witness it.

Such “curtains” on the close of the drama of life do not last long. The police took charge of the bodies of the dead and the living, and we went wondering home.



## THE VALE ARTISTS.

## IV.—REGINALD SAVAGE.

The least-known of the illustrators of the *Dial*, Reginald Savage, has published very little work in England, but is, nevertheless, anterior in date to Ricketts, Shannon, and Pissarro. He first exhibited at the



MR. REGINALD SAVAGE.—C. H. SHANNON.

Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, some ten years ago, choosing romantic subjects, such as scenes from the lives of the saints. His "Enid and Geraint" may be taken to represent that period of his work. At the time this picture was painted, Savage was an art-student working with Shannon—who first exhibited in 1886—Ricketts, and Raven Hill. The last work he exhibited in England was his "St. Elizabeth in Exile," which appeared at the first exhibition of the New Gallery. Since that time his work has only appeared in the *Dial*, possibly because at the time the first number appeared the work of the Vale men was, to a certain extent, boycotted by all the galleries. He has engraved some of his own drawings, and Ricketts has engraved one or two. The one reproduced here, "The Lotus-Eaters," is a reproduction of a pen-drawing, and shows the artist to great advantage. His power of imaginative treatment is displayed in the lotus-flowers that grow through the vessel's decaying deck; in the languid mariners, to whom movement of body or brain is alike impossible; in the misty phantoms hovering over all. The mariner in the foreground recalls certain lines of Tennyson's poem—

... if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin as voices from the grave;  
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

Surely, since the Moxon Tennyson was published, few designs could be found showing as much concentration in workmanship and thought as this little drawing.

Some of his earlier work found its way to Belgium, and the Count de Looz commissioned the artist to decorate a family chapel. This work



FOUNDATION OF THE ABBAYE OF AVERBODEN BY THE FIRST COUNT DE LOOZ.—REGINALD SAVAGE.

took three years to execute, and consisted of five compositions painted on the chapel walls, representing incidents in the life of St. Christine l'Admirable. It has been found possible to reproduce a fragment of the preliminary scheme for one of the designs, but this is all that can be given. The interior of the chapel is dimly lighted, and it has been found impossible to photograph the paintings. This is much to be regretted, for they form the most important work of Reginald Savage, and must always remain very little known. Two of them measure sixteen by ten feet, and one contains upwards of a hundred figures.

I have now come to the end of the brief series of articles devoted to the Vale and its works. True it is that Sturge Moore has done thirty or more engravings, but, seeing that he and John Gray really represent the literary rather than the artistic side of the *Dial*, it is not necessary to deal with their work here. It only now remains to consider the main aim of the artists.

The aim of the founders of the *Dial* has been—if I understand it aright—the suppression of outside interference with the artist's work. Their use of original lithography and original wood-engraving has



THE LOTUS-EATERS.—REGINALD SAVAGE.

From "The Dial."

undoubtedly tended to this end, for they draw, execute, and at times even print their own work; in fact, with the exception of Mr. Lane, who has published their engraved books, they have no publisher. The *Dial* has conferred upon all its works the important gift of free expression, in absolute disregard to the traditions of the publishing world. Yet, despite this freedom, none of their work can be deemed flippant in thought or execution. Often imaginative, they show a distinct appreciation of the technique required by the medium they use, so that the pen-drawings are unlike the etchings, the lithographs and woodcuts are unlike either. This conscientiousness in work, this moderate and careful production in times where the output is so vast, has made their rate of progress seem slow. Many men and styles have sprung up, with mushroom-like rapidity, to become scorched by the sun of indiscriminate eulogy, and wither as quickly as they appeared. Meanwhile, the Vale men have found their work steadily increasing in public favour, and, better still, in the favour of those whose likes and dislikes are founded on a full appreciation of merit. Moreover, they have enough experience and knowledge of the world to take their success quietly, and not to allow it either to turn their heads from the ideals they have ever truly followed or their hands from the labour in which they delight.

THEOCRITUS.

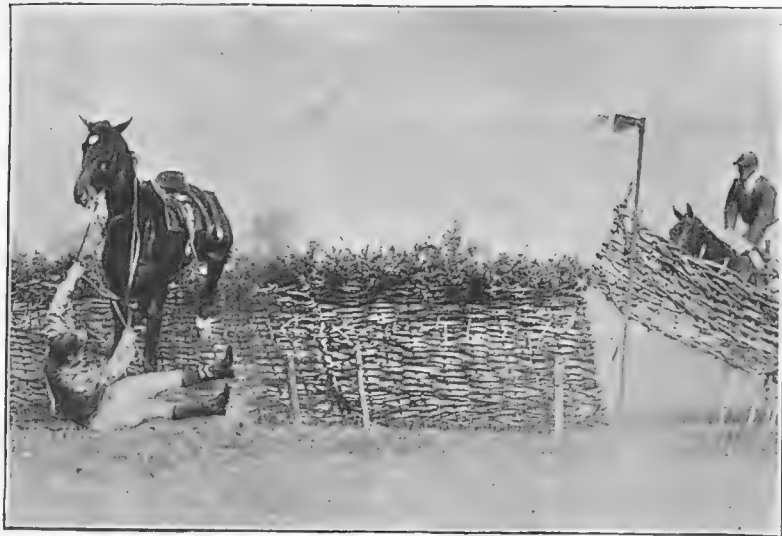
"John March, Southerner" (Low) is the best novel that has come from America this year or two. One opens each new story of Mr. Cable's with the expectation of finding it great. The best ones just miss the touch or tone that makes greatness. He knows human nature; he can make living human beings; he has sympathy, a good deal of humour, a sense of poetry, and he writes good English. At least, no American novelist of to-day has greater qualities. And if "John March" be not a great book, it is a very good one. Its plot is a trifle complicated, but it is worth unravelling, for it contains in its entanglements a large part of the history of the South just after the war. But, if you don't unravel it quite, there is a good story left without any tangles in it, and a group of admirably drawn characters—white and coloured—for company, two excellent and widely differing villains among them. By-the-by, Mr. Cable lavishes his material here as elsewhere, and much of the work in this latest book will not stick in the memory; but the personality of his central figure, John March, most certainly will. He is one of the successful young men of American fiction.

## RIDERS: AS OTHERS SEE THEM.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Not long ago, a riding-mistress, well known in London and America, was saying that she thought that novices in the art of riding might be made to see their faults by means of instantaneous photography. "But," the writer ventured to remark, "surely a full-length mirror placed against the wall in your riding-school would answer the purpose fully as well?"

"Oh, you *are* fresh!" she replied, with a cheery smile; "do you



A SPILL.

think that your countrymen and countrywomen would put up with a thing of that sort? We had a reflector of that kind in a school on 'the other side,' and even our people didn't much like it; but here—why, my dear man, I should lose half my pupils within a week!" Yet photography, she thought, would prove a boon. She showed me several photographs of horses in the act of jumping, "produced on the other side," and, though well taken, and revealing some of the riders' faults, they were very inferior to the photographs presented to the reader now.

To begin with, let us take the horse and rider upon the extreme left as you face the first picture on the opposite page. It is hard to find any fault here with the horse or the man. The horse seems to have dropped his hind legs on landing, but he won't come down altogether. The rider, apparently, is standing in his stirrups. In hurdle-racing, of course, nearly all jockeys stand in their stirrups almost from post to finish, or they may possibly sit down for an instant as they clear their fences; but in ordinary steeplechasing very few men ride thus. Captain Horace Hayes, who wrote the best and most practical book ever published on the subject, "Riding on the Flat and Across Country," is strongly opposed to the habit, because, as he rightly says, the weight of the body then rests almost entirely on the stirrups, and jars the horse's fore-legs



AN UNGRACEFUL RIDER.

as he lands, besides being very apt to make him peck or stumble. The horse in the centre has either just cannoned his companion, or he has swerved and seems likely to make a mistake. However, his rider has him well in hand, and knows perfectly well what he and his horse are about. The horse on the extreme right in the same photograph is clearing the fence in the best style of all, so far as one can make out. He seems to be taking it in his stride, and, though his jockey is holding him rather tight—"pulling his head about," some may erroneously think—he obviously has him in a snaffle, and evidently the horse is catching hold.

The second picture on the opposite page makes a capital photograph.

Apparently the race is a match, and a very even match too, if the pair are anywhere near the finish. Neither horse looks sufficiently distressed, though, for this to be at all likely. Probably the fence is their first or their second; at any rate, they have not been round more than once. The seat of the rider upon the left side as you face the picture is perfect. The jockey is sitting well down in his saddle, just feeling his horse's mouth; his body is upright and supple, and will be swung back easily and naturally as the horse lands; and his feet and legs are in precisely the right position. If that mount be as pleasant a one to ride as he appears to be, the jockey is having as delightful a gallop as he could



HOW TO CLEAR A FENCE.

wish for. Both riders are finished horsemen. The writer has not the pleasure of knowing who they are, but anyone can see that they have been at the game before—have been at it for more than a few years, unless the photograph be a strangely deceitful one. Depend upon it, those men belong to the Brocklehurst, Lee Barber, or "Roddy" Owen school of riders.

The small photographs are more difficult to judge from. It may be noted that, in the one entitled "An Ungraceful Rider," the horseman on the right has thrown his legs forward in a very unprofessional and a very ungraceful style, and, if he were wearing spurs, he would probably prick the horse badly on both shoulders—a clear proof, according to leading authorities, that "the jockey is still but a poor performer in the pigskin." Nevertheless, many men who seem to be fairly good riders, and are undoubtedly good men to hounds, scratch their horses thus again and again. Naturally, their feet *ought* not to fly forward. Very likely, were it not for the circumstantial and damning evidence given by the spurs, these very men would not believe that their feet ever did slip forward, or, anyhow, not so far forward as the shoulder. This horse, however, is not jumping his hurdle nearly so freely as he might. His companion is negotiating it in far better style. The picture entitled "How to Clear a Fence" shows what a clever old rogue the horse is—you can tell that



A BIG JUMP.

from his face—and he is selecting the exact spot upon which he intends to land, as clever horses always do. His jockey, likewise, is not a novice in the profession, and there is no need to fear that he will jar his horse's legs or prick his shoulders by swinging his feet forward beyond the saddle-flaps. If anything, his feet will be drawn back still more as he descends. That horse looks as though he not only wanted to win the stake, but "meant to get it," as the tub-thumpers say.

From what we see in these photographs, therefore, it is easy to understand how greatly novices might be helped in learning to ride if some friend or relation—friends or relations usually perform these





A COLLISION.

ungraciously received gracious little acts—would occasionally “Kodak” the pupil when the latter is unaware that his likeness is being taken, and afterwards show him the photograph with his own faults recorded thereon. Every man who has sat upon a horse half-a-dozen times in his life thinks that he can ride, just as every lady who has jumped a bar in a riding-school and ridden twice in the Park believes that she could hold

her own with “all those hunting women” over the stiffest country in the shires. It was with a hunting seat that Cromwell’s Ironsides rode down Rupert’s finished Cavaliers, “beat them, broke them, drove all adrift”; but it is not with a riding-school seat, nor yet with a “Park” seat, that the bullfinches of Leicestershire or the banks of Devonshire are to be negotiated either in cold blood or when hounds are running.—B. T.



A MATCH.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "TALLEYRAND."\*

If the history of *the* Revolution is to be resumed in the career of any one man, that man is Talleyrand; and if there be a time for writing his life, it has now arrived. Of all the greater politicians of that memorable quarter of a century, he alone formed part of the whole movement. He is a link between two centuries and two eras. He had made his mark in the *salon* of Madame du Barry, ere he was a prominent public man in the States-General; and, gaining much greater eminence meanwhile, he lived till 1838. He tried to negotiate with Pitt before the great war,



PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND (1754-1838).

and he met Pitt's younger successors of a later generation in the Congress of Vienna after that war was over. Meanwhile he had, in international policy, been second in importance only to Napoleon, and to Napoleon only for a time.

Now, we have, at length, Talleyrand's Memoirs, so long and so eagerly desired, and some of his correspondence. The Memoirs were not to be published for at least thirty years from his death, and his trustees took more than fifty. As for his letters, many of the most interesting only remain, because the Duchess of Courland behaved like, say, the Princess Lieven, who, exhorted by Earl Grey to destroy his letters, said they were destroyed, but kept them; and so they exist for us. But some secretaries and correspondents were more faithful, and some returned his letters for money. Much of Talleyrand's own writing has thus perished as he wished, so that the cloud of mystery which hid him from his contemporaries will remain, and the world will always see him "through a glass darkly."

Talleyrand is best known to English readers by Lord Dalling's interesting sketch, and by the *mots* which Samuel Rogers records. Lord Brougham, Lord Holland, and many others have also written upon Talleyrand. But Lady Blennerhassett had the advantage of the Memoirs and some other recent materials. Most of the epigrams are familiar friends. This book, moreover, makes no claim to original research. The life is retold here from the best sources, except that some important English authorities are omitted from the list.

To his contemporaries, moving in a world less clearly realised by them, Talleyrand often seemed to be a man of mystery. But what they deemed his insincerity was often insight and tact. It is not difficult now to understand Talleyrand's career. He does not belong to that rare class of men of whom it may be said that the history of the world must have been very different had they not lived. He was not a born leader of men. No doubt, he admired Erasmus more than Luther. His was never the spirit of the martyr, nor even of the confessor. He thought too much, and he felt too little. He never permitted his mind to be "clouded with enthusiasm." Yet there were many critical times when he served France better than some better men, and when, seeming to do so little, he yet powerfully affected the course of great public events.

Later instances are well known. The Bourbons restored to Constitutional Monarchs were the work of Talleyrand's hands, and the modern state system of Europe was largely shaped by him. But, long before he wrote foreign despatches and attended Congresses for the First Consul, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and of the French, he had made his mark as a financier, as an advocate of national education, and of sweeping ecclesiastical changes.

Those who speculate on the times and seasons when the great flood of the Revolution might still have been kept in old courses may find their account in the events of that night in July, 1789, mentioned in this work and at greater length in the Memoirs. Going to Marly, Talleyrand roused the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, and urged the dangers of the situation to him, and through him to Louis XVI. Talleyrand and a few others would have had the Assembly dissolved and new elections held. This wise advice was rejected. The Comte fled from France that night, and only returned to be received by Talleyrand as head of the Provisional Government in 1814. If Talleyrand's opinion had prevailed, there might have been no Reign of Terror. We can hardly blame Talleyrand when he adds: "I put myself at the disposition of events, and, provided I remained a Frenchman, all else contented me." This, as Lady Blennerhassett's work shows, became the rule of Talleyrand's life. It is the key to his career and its apology. A man who acts on this rule of life is necessarily, like our English Halifax, a trimmer; but trimmers are necessary to the State.

One who laughs at his foolish masters of the Directory, who recognises the capacity, but tries to moderate the vain European ambitions of Napoleon, who says that the absolutism of the Bourbons is out of date, must expect to be hated, and Talleyrand was the most hated man of his time. All were glad to have his aid. Yet the Revolutionists detested and exiled him. Napoleon used him, but distrusted and denounced him, and the Bourbons only accepted him as a political necessity. All men, however, admitted that Talleyrand was for once telling the truth when he replied to Louis XVIII.: "C'est quelque chose d'explicable que j'ai en moi, et qui porte malheur aux gouvernements qui me négligent." Whoever would censure him finds abundant ground: but whoever would be just to him must remember the corrupt age, the turbulent nation, and the rulers bent on violent courses.

The Revolution had reduced Talleyrand—a priest against his will—to poverty. This he bore as became one of the old *noblesse*. Riches then came within his grasp. He soiled his hands with bribes, according to the low moral usage of his time, and he spent the money in increasing his power. That power he used, on the whole, to the advantage of France. Lady Blennerhassett says Talleyrand was not to be bought, and that the interests of France were in good hands. For some acts of violence, of which he was at best the silent witness, and sometimes the official and too skilful apologist, it is, of course, not always possible to defend him. Yet, when all is said, at worst it must be admitted that Talleyrand cleared his mind of cant. In an age of intense political hatreds, he was never a great hater. He never murdered in the name of liberty; he never treated politics as civil war. In truth, he fully deserved the eulogium of Thiers, that he had always shown an aversion to persecution and violence. Many saints of the Revolution cannot have this praise.

He said, truly, that who was the traitor was often a question of time; and, having his eyes in the front of his head, he refused to look back. He did much to save France from the White Terror, as he had tried to save her from the Red. If he is rarely to be acquitted, he is often to be excused. That there were men more corrupt, more cruel, and more unscrupulous, in his own age and in high places, is beyond doubt, and that he often served France well is admitted even by his enemies.

G. W.



AN OLD-FASHIONED BELLE.

\* "Talleyrand." By Lady Blennerhassett. Translated from the German by Frederick Clarke. Two volumes. London: John Murray.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



A ROMAN TOILET.—W. ANSTEY DOLLAND.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

## ART NOTES.

This is the season of the year when all art seems to sleep just before its annual awakening; the writer upon art news must needs potter and chronicle small, daily things. For example, it is now on record that the



FIGURE STUDY.—W. VON GLOEDEN.  
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

National Portrait Gallery of Scotland has received, by way of bequest from Sir Hugh Hume-Campbell of Marchmont, an extremely fine portrait of Margaret, the wife of James IV. of Scotland (she was a Tudor, being the daughter of Henry VII.), by Mabuse. "Atlas" will tell you—and who will doubt his truth?—that only four other portraits of Margaret Tudor are known to be in existence. "One is in the private apartments of Windsor Castle, another at Hampton Court, another belongs to Lord Lothian and is at Newbattle Abbey, while the fourth (supposed to be by Holbein) is in Lord Bute's collection at Mount Stuart."

A gentle critic, who knows more than any other writer living about the feasts that the Academy holds in store for us, has furnished the world with a description of Mr. Hook's new pictures destined to hang at Burlington House. We are told that they "may fairly be counted among his best work." Two of them are "placed" upon the Cornish coast; "the third represents the mouth of a small river on the east coast of Scotland." The details of the Cornish scenes are so tremendous and full that we have really no space to set them forth here. The pale-blue sky, it seems, sends chromatic echoes flying under the welkin; a group of peasants foregather in certain empty spaces, and "a buxom girl, dressed in lavender and red, is flirting vigorously with her sweetheart, a stalwart, black-haired fellow, to whom she has brought a basket, from which she has taken a whang of cheese, a black bottle, and a brown loaf."

The description of this masterpiece is, so far, noble enough in all conscience!

But there is even more of it. "In return, he, in the shamefaced way of mankind in such circumstances"—as though the circumstances were universally common!—"offers her a large blue flower of the local forget-me-not." And again: "the girl lolls at length upon a dry-stone hedge that time"—not the artist!—"has clad with innumerable flowers, and herbage of incomparable tints, brown, crimson, white, and orange." But behold and be serious: "Her reddish dress, auburn tresses, and rosy carnations that are enriched with undergold, make beautiful colour with the green bank, the yellow corn and stubble"—and a thousand things else with which we cannot just now be concerned. We forbear from quoting further on the subject of these Cornish masterpieces; we reserve our raptures until we see the pictures at the Academy itself.

The New English Art Club possesses, for its present exhibition, the worthiest show that has ever hung upon its walls. If the artists who hang their pictures with the New English Art Club are not exactly the greatest painters that the world has seen, they are, at all events, as well hung as is naturally conceivable. With this point set to its advantage, the New English Art Club may claim equality with any exhibition of the recent small-art season. We shall return to the details of this show next week, at this time merely mentioning the fact that Mr. Wilson Steer's work is full of interest, that Mr. Corder is responsible for some really beautiful paintings, and that Mr. Alfred Thornton and Mr. Charles Furse send work which merits, at least, to be called notable.

Mr. Charles W. Hastings, who has long been known in photographic circles as an energetic journalist, now edits the *Camera and Lantern Review* (22, Buckingham Street, Strand), a monthly illustrated magazine devoted to the interests of photographers. One of the best features of this well-printed magazine is a capital review of a large number of journals relating to photography. Their contents are brightly noticed, and some of their cream skimmed, by Mr. Hastings. The article entitled "Photography with a Purpose" may be recommended to the great army of amateurs, who will soon be busy—that is to say, if they are ever idle—with their cameras in the coming summer days. The cost of the *Review*, it may be mentioned, is threepence a month, and there are various competitions in connection with it.

Some recent sales give the following results to those who are interested in the market price of pictures—that curiously fluctuating quantity which shifts about with fashions all its own. An Alma-Tadema, "Glaucus and Nydia," fetched £231; an Orchardson, "A Hundred Years Ago," went for £199; a Colin Hunter, "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness," brought £220; but a W. McTaggart, "Adrift," appeared to win in a canter by securing the sum of £325. An Israëls, "Returning Home," appeared to be worth no more than £168, and Sir J. E. Millais's "Pippa" fetched the sum of £252. Other prices were not quite so interesting.

At Mr. MacLean's Gallery in the Haymarket there is on show at present a charming little exhibition of pictures, carefully selected, carefully hung, carefully harmonised one with another. The Cromes and the Cotmans are favours for which we are duly grateful, and of more modern painters we are scarcely less grateful for examples of Mr. Henry Moore, whose work is represented here to considerable advantage. A little interior, by Max Gaisser, is truly Dutch, and, in its way, an extraordinary example of carefulness and delighted labour. At Messrs. Tooth's Gallery in the Haymarket there are some foreign artists well represented, and some not very good pictures by English artists. Mr. Pettie's "Cardinal" and a Grosvenor Gallery picture by Mr. Philip Burne-Jones are not, perhaps, particularly exciting, but they serve to make a pretty exhibition.



UNDER THE WILLOWS.—EDWARD H. FAHEY.

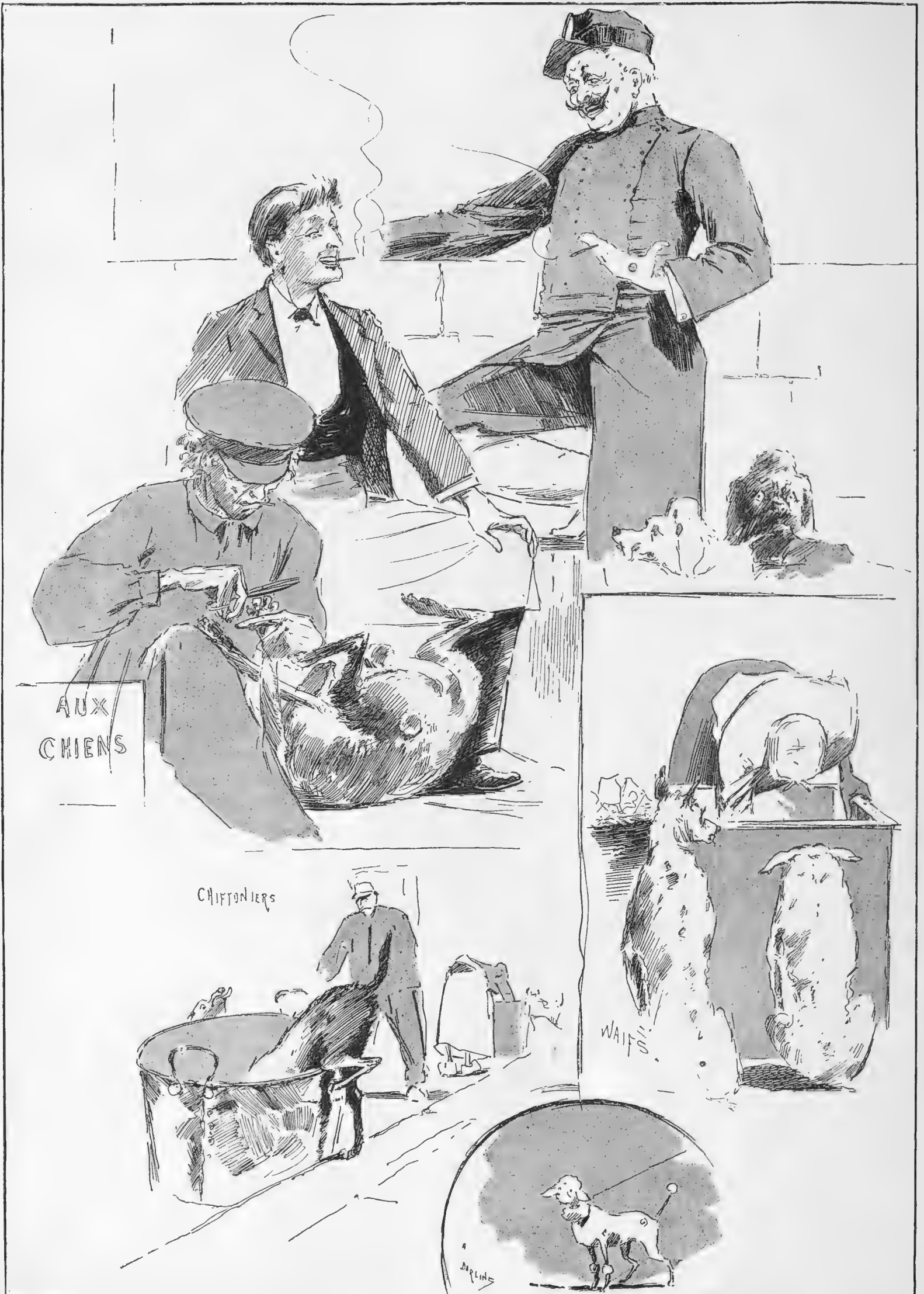
He cut our names upon a tree, and said that we should stand,  
When he came back again to me, and read them hand-in-hand.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE : " Will you think of me when I 'm gone ? "  
SHE : " Yes, if you will give me an opportunity."



A POODLE-CLIPPER,



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MISS ELEANOR MAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

## "FAUST" AT THE EMPIRE.

## A CHAT WITH MADAME KATTI LANNER.

The electric bell rang sharply in the managerial sanctum where Mr. Slater and I together (says a *Sketch* representative) smoked the cigarette of sympathy and imbibed the coffee of temperance. "Madame will be pleased to see you," said the Manager, going to the tube. "I will ask Jimmy to take you to her room."

On the huge stage the shifters were busy at work. Mr. Capel, sunning himself in the electric light, looked courageously at some people who called themselves "musical eccentrics," but were so anxious to be eccentric that they forgot to be musical. Dutch Daly, in a wonderfully fitting coat and a smile to match, waited in the wings. Behind the stage we mounted two flights of stairs, and reached Madame's sanctum, outside which a Peri—whose golden hair was hanging down her back—stood disconsolate. Here Jimmy left me, and I entered the little room where certain of the fairies are paid o' Friday nights and the numerous people who have to consult Madame Lanner come to see her between the two ballets.

"Excuse me for a moment," said Madame, as she greeted me; "but one of the ladies wishes to speak to me."

Entered to her the disconsolate Peri aforesaid, and requested to be released from the rest of the evening's work on the ground of indisposition. The case appearing genuine, permission was readily granted, and on the lady's exit I immediately applied to Madame for permission to understudy the part. Unfortunately for me, there were certain difficulties in the way, so I turned to the special object of my visit.

"I want you to tell me how you are getting on with 'Faust'?" I said.

"But," replied Madame, "surely you know how we are getting on. Haven't you seen a rehearsal, and—?"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "that was in my private capacity. I could answer all the questions I intend to ask you, but that would not satisfy *The Sketch* readers. As a representative of *The Sketch*, I know nothing at all about the matter under discussion."

"Well," said Madame, after a few incidental remarks, "we are making progress, but the work is very hard. First, the whole of the 'Faust' legend must be compressed into a few tableaux, for the traditions of Goethe must be preserved. Secondly, we must not be too serious in our treatment, nor may we be at all flippant. Then the entry of the soldiers calls for a military tableau, and I have been at pains to construct one that will not recall similar business in 'Round the Town,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and 'Brighton Pier.' This is one of my greatest difficulties. Granted that the costumes are different, the movements and grouping must not be reminiscent in any way."

"Do you work out any scheme on paper?" I asked.

"Never," replied Madame; "I call a rehearsal, and when I have the girls before me the ideas suggest themselves. I tell the composer about the effect I wish to produce, and he helps to create the impression. The only things written down are the names of girls for particular costumes, and, of course, the cast. While rehearsals are progressing, the designs for costumes are submitted and passed, and the costumiers set to work. Miss Fisher, whom you have seen here, looks after this part of the work."

"How long do you take to produce a grand ballet?" I asked.

"Ten weeks is an average time," answered Madame Lanner, "if the composer and costumier are not behindhand. Most of the rehearsals are held, as you know, at the Athenæum Hall, and we do not come here till my part of the work is practically complete. Then comes the problem of the staging. The story of the ballet is told while the stage is being set for the next *divertissement* and the girls are changing their dresses. It seems simple enough from the front, but is a matter involving a deal of calculation. Supposing that a ballet lasts an hour and a quarter, it involves seventy-five minutes' hard work for everyone concerned—for the scene-shifters as well as the *corps de ballet*. Of course, the Empire stage is magnificently appointed, and the stage appliances are of the best, but there is plenty to do."

"Rehearsals at the Athenæum Hall," continued Madame, in answer to another question, "commence at mid-day, and sometimes last till four o'clock in the afternoon. It is often very tiring work for the girls."

"And for you too?" I suggested, recalling some of the rehearsals over which I have seen the great *maitresse de ballet* preside, and one in particular at which, for my special benefit, she took the place of an absent dancer, and went through a few steps in a way that showed how she has retained her pristine elegance.

"I don't mind the work," she replied, smiling; "in fact, it is my very life. Sometimes I have thought of retiring, but I could not live without the ballet. I have grown up on the stage, and am never so happy as when working out some complicated piece of grouping, or arranging a dance. Of course, things won't always go right, but a big success atones for all the worry and trouble of production."

"How about holidays?" I said. The fact that Empire ballets are not exported takes the edge off the enjoyment of mine.

"Holidays?" repeated Madame, as though surprised at the sound of the word. "I have not had a holiday for two years. Last summer the 'Brighton Pier' rehearsals took up all my time, and, though I thought of going away, I knew I should have been uneasy all the time, and should be fearing that something would go wrong. No sooner was 'Brighton Pier' produced than I had to start rehearsals for the pantomimes at the Lyceum, Crystal Palace, and Grand Theatre, Birmingham."

"Now, with regard to the *corps de ballet*," I continued, "how is it that, while the Empire has the prettiest and shapeliest in London, so few of the girls rise to individual distinction?"

"It is all a matter of effort," said Madame. "In the schools of Milan the dancers practise every day, and whenever they have spare time. The habit grows upon them, so that, when they come to Paris or London, they continue to work hard and regularly. The *première danseuse* of an Empire ballet, whoever she may be, will be found practising here in the morning, and any one of them will tell you practice is absolutely necessary for them to keep their limbs supple. Why, when I was dancing, I should not have thought of missing a day; had I forgotten my morning practice, my evening performance would have suffered. Now, with nearly all English girls, the matter is different. They enjoy the dancing well enough, but do not like practice or rehearsals; so that, while they do their best by night, they will do nothing by day to improve the quality of their work. Accordingly, though every girl has a good chance, and many of them are pretty and graceful, we have to obtain our *premières* from abroad; and yet any girl who cares to practise has the Athenæum Hall open to her, and Signor Baratti is there to instruct her if I am away."

Down the stairs outside the door came the tramp of many feet and the sound of many voices. "The ballet

is nearly due," said Madame, looking at the clock; and I followed her downstairs, reaching the stage just as a round of applause from the front of the house greeted the appearance of Ernest Ford in the conductor's seat.

On they came, coster-girls and coster-boys, flower-girls, market-girls, and all conceivable luxuries, in such a glory of lovely hair and complexion that I felt violently in love with one and all. The stage was set for the first tableau of "Round the Town," which, as all the up-to-date world knows, represents Covent Garden. I paused for a moment in the wings, sadly remembering that, though I have been in the genuine Covent Garden at all hours of the day and night, it has never been my luck to meet such flower-girls and coster-boys. One of the stage hands prepared to unlock the iron door. I implored Mr. Capel to repent while there was yet time, and to be enthusiastic in the future. I thanked Madame for her trouble, and then, with a mighty effort, crossed the Rubicon, and made my way into the land overflowing with smoke and whisky.

Miss Myra E. Luxmoore, whose illustrations to stories have occasionally appeared in *The Sketch*, as well as in other magazines, has just completed a striking portrait of the Dean of Manchester. It is probable that this picture will be seen in the Royal Academy, by reason both of the popularity of its subject and also the excellent art shown in its composition.



MADAME KATTI LANNER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



"MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR," SHE SAID.

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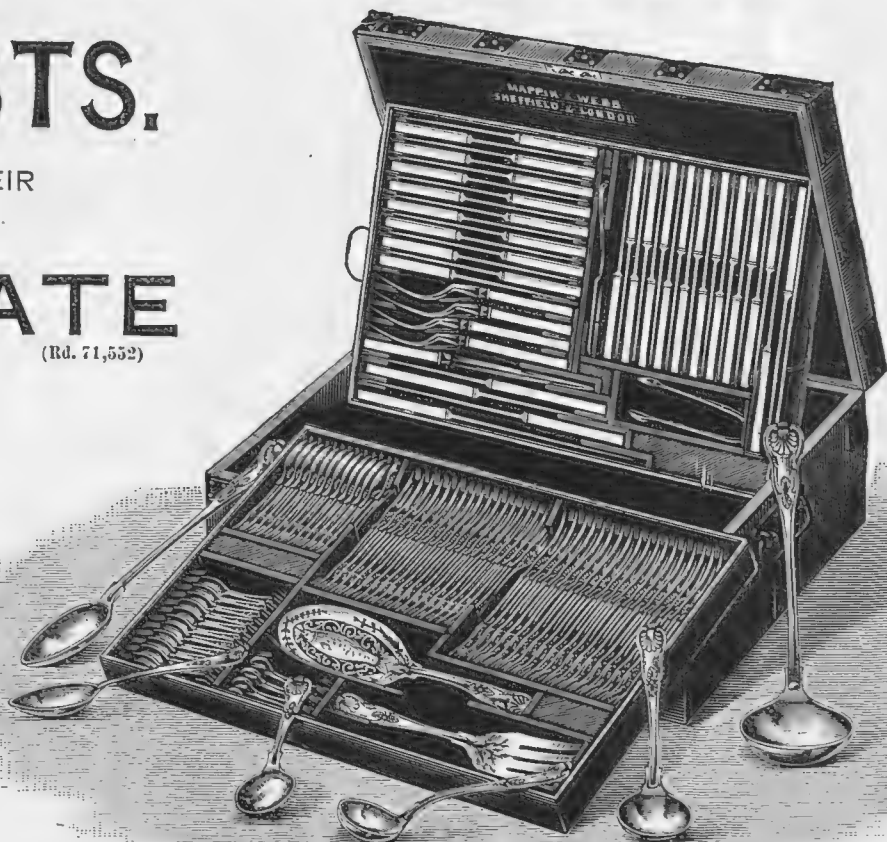
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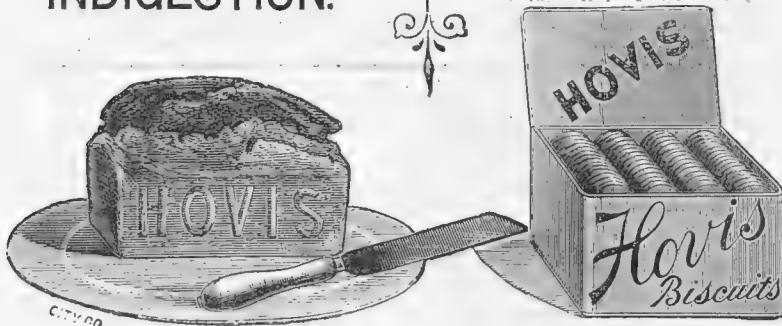
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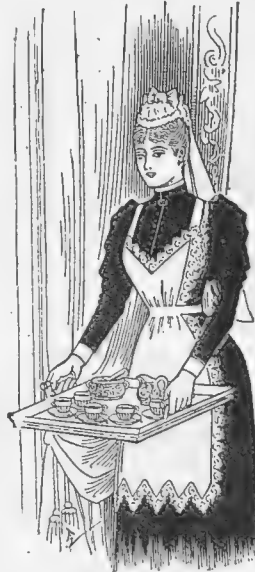
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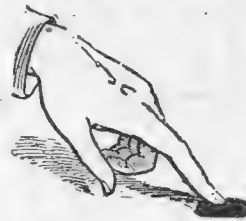


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## THE WAR IN CHITRAL.

The war in Chitral has lost us a gallant soldier in Colonel Battye. The name of Battye is now more than ever connected with that bravery in the field which has won for English soldiers the eulogium of the world. Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Drummond Battye, the commandant of the Queen's Corps of Guides, and forming part of the Chitral Relief Expedition under General Sir R. Low, was shot, on April 13, as he was retiring on his supports posted on the left bank of the Panjkora River, a movement which was executed with such a masterly handling of his men as to evoke the admiration of all who witnessed it. He had had previously a distinguished career, to which the breast of his tunic—decorated with the medal and a clasp commemorative of the Jowaki-Afreedee Expedition, 1877-78; a medal and two clasps given for his services during the operations around Cabul (when he was severely wounded), and in the engagement at Charasiah—bore witness, while he also received a clasp for his participation in the Hazara Expedition in 1891. Of a family of ten brothers, all of whom have been soldiers, he was the youngest. Colonel F. D. Battye was the idol of his brave Guides. He could and would have led them anywhere. His brother Quintin had been an officer in the same regiment, and had been slain before Delhi during the Indian Mutiny; and another brother, Wigram, had also belonged to the same corps, and had been shot with his face to the foe during a brilliant charge against the Afghans near Jelalabad. Colonel Richmond Leigh Battye, of the 35th Regiment, and subsequently of the Bengal Staff Corps, met his death in the service of the Queen. He was murdered with Captain Urmiston in 1888 on the Hazara frontier. There is yet another brother, Colonel Arthur Frederic Battye—there may be others—who still survives, as well as a sister, the wife of Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I., who, while mourning the recent loss she has sustained, cannot but feel proud that she is related to such a band of heroes.

Captain Borradaile, whose rapid march through the snow regions in the Chitral Expedition has excited a good deal of admiration in military circles, is a member of the old Cumberland family of Borradaile, several members of which have during the last two or three generations distinguished themselves in our Indian Empire. It is interesting to recall in this connection that the widow of Colonel Alfred Borradaile, of the 5th Madras Cavalry, was the lady who, some thirty years since, was attracted by the "Beautiful for Ever," a pamphlet of



THE LATE COLONEL BATTYE.

Photo by J. Burke and Co., India.

the notorious Madame Rachel, and was induced, during a period of a year or two, to part with some £5000 to this artful old woman for baths, "Jordan Water," and other beautifiers, and was persuaded to believe that Lord Ranelagh, whose hat and curls were familiar to a former generation, was anxious to marry her. Mrs. Borradaile, who was once a very pretty Miss Edwardes, and was known in Calcutta when first married as the "Golden Fairy," never recovered her lost money.

## MISS EMILIE TREE.

Miss Emilie Tree, the frivolous and fascinating impersonator of La Frolique at the Empire, though now only twenty-one years of age, has been tripping it on the professional boards for the last nine years. She is a Cockney by birth and education, and, though she had been apprenticed to Madame Lanner for six years, she learnt only regular ballet-dancing with her, never thinking of the delightful skirt-dance until a



MISS EMILIE TREE AS THE NURSE IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

Photo by C. F. Mathews, Tottenham Court Road.

schoolfellow of hers taught her "for fun." Her parents objected, but eventually consented, and after some months' practice she made her début at Drury Lane in "Dick Whittington," the following year being seen in "Aladdin" at the same house. Then she was one of the Three Graces in "The Sculptor's Vision," a series of *poses plastiques*, and after that was secured for the production of "Dorothy," following that popular young lady to her various homes, and going from her to the "Sultan of Mocha," at the Opéra Comique. At the close of that piece she entered upon her present engagement at the Empire, and, though she was offered a part in "The Gaiety Girl," she preferred to remain in Leicester Square, and first came prominently into notice there by singing and dancing "Ta-ra-ra." She has taken part in the ballets of "Cleopatra," "The Paris Exhibition," "Orfeo," "By the Sea," "Round the Town" (in which she took Miss Katie Seymour's place when she was called back to the Gaiety), "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in which she was Nelly, and "On Brighton Pier"; and as La Frolique, and, again, in "Round the Town," she charms the house nightly. Miss Tree was singled out by Mrs. Chant in her "raid" for her high kicking, an honour which has amused the kickist and her management very much.

## "EVE'S RANSOM."

"Eve's Ransom," Mr. George Gissing's latest story (Lawrence and Bullen), ends with a beautiful description of a late-autumn landscape, and with the hero singing "to himself a song of the joy of life." This does not gladden us merely from a love of comfortable writing. Mr. Gissing will never be a merely comfortable writer. He is of the few novelists of exceptional vigour and originality of the present day, and he will always write of life as he sees and feels it. He is not likely to see or feel it very differently from what he does now, as a place of infinite trouble and unending struggle. His latest story tells again of disappointment, toil, and defeated hopes; but not only does its end sound a genial note, but the whole treatment of the plot and personages lacks that harshness which had grown to be associated with Mr. Gissing's strength, and which was yet no essential part of it. You might almost compile a creed out of "Eve's Ransom," and some of his other novels, that a holiday-time of carelessness, genial prosperity would be the only chance of the workers' regeneration. He contrives such a holiday for his hero; but he sternly refuses to let him enjoy it in a careless, genial fashion. Would it not be good for Mr. Gissing to let himself go, once in a way, and write a fairy-tale? Doubtless, however, it is better for us that we should be given stories such as his, austere and truthfully cut out of hard patches of actual life.

## "NINE LITTLE NIGGER BOYS."

*Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

Ten little nigger boys came across the brine,  
One ran away home, and then there were nine.

And these "tuneful nine"—real Kentucky picaninnies—are now appearing at the Empire. Their cotton-field ditties, meet'n'-house hymns—I think they are hymns, because there is a good deal about the Golden Shore—and breakdowns make a very pleasing interlude. True, the singing is not extravagantly melodious, for some of the voices are in

I should imagine it to be something like what our Kentucky visitors are giving at the Empire. And the nine grin as one man!

And now let me speak of the Piccadilly picaninnies—I mean the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who are once more playing to crowded houses in the St. James's Hall. I looked in for an hour on one of the afternoons in Easter-week, and found an excellent programme in full swing. The songs by the Minstrels are by turns amusing and pathetic,



that unhappy stage when a thrillingly high "G" tumbles down, like a house of cards, into a bovine diapason; indeed, in the unaccompanied catches, the effect is more than startling. Still, it is interesting when you catch the spirit of it. But the dancing is the chief delight. It is such a magnificent *mélange* of old, crude African war-dances, Irish jigs, Highland flings, and Spanish boleros. The American nigger is a thorough-paced eclectic in his dancing, but in one thing he is pure and patriotic, one thing is his own, and it is a joy for ever—the peacocking walk-round. It is impossible to describe; it must be seen. The conceit, the pride, the dignity are inimitable, colossal. I have never seen a "cake-walk," but

and the miscellaneous items are well chosen and varied. Some of the exploits of three "knockabouts" were very clever, though it is to be hoped they will not receive the flattery of imitation from the youngsters who formed a large part of the audience, otherwise the family doctor will be in speedy requisition. "The Black Constabulary" is funny, although the interior of a police-station has often been more accurately delineated. I fancy the female-impersonations fell rather flat, partly because the people who attend Moore and Burgess do not, as a rule, see Madame Bernhardt, and, therefore, could not appreciate the subtle humour of a burlesque of her.





## WOMAN AS AN INVENTOR.

Women are daily inventing. They themselves, perhaps, may not know it. Yet among the thousand and one tricks of method, which woman, unknown to herself, originates, are many which could, if developed, be extended from the crude notion to the useful time and labour saver of the million. The Hair-Curler, which but a few years ago was entirely unknown to the world, and is now such an acknowledged adjunct to the toilet, was the invention of a lady. The "Mary Anderson" Curling-Iron—an ingenious arrangement by which a centre bar is shot out from its clean nickel shield to be heated, and is afterwards returned before being applied to the hair—was the invention of a young lady living at Port Elizabeth, South Africa (as also a Hair-Pin with an ingenious but simple grip arrangement, by which it is prevented from falling out, and which has enjoyed



royalties for some years, reaching recently to over one hundred pounds per annum). It is more than likely that a woman who had the daily experience and trouble of kindling her kitchen fire with flint was the inventor of the Lucifer Match. At any rate, the actual originator is unknown, and the benefits of it were lost to its inventor in a manner not unfrequent to-day. The latest invention of a lady in the toilet world, is the Hair-Pin known as Hinde's Pyr Point Hair-Pin, which has pear-shaped points in place of the usual sharp ones. The lady, Madame Stephanie, is a resident of Brittany, and her present royalties, the outcome of her own ingenuity, must afford her eminent satisfaction. Messrs. Hinde are pleased to be enabled to put on record the fact that in the affairs of the Boudoir, and the business thereof,

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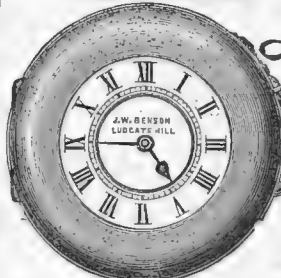
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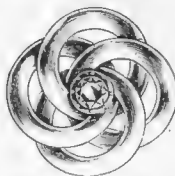
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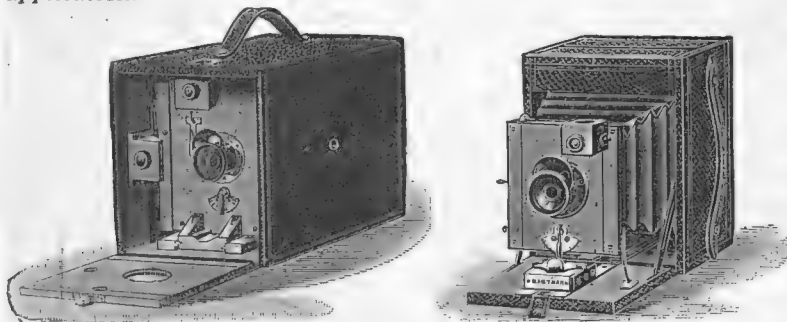
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## FOR THE SKIN



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## HOCKEY.

Hockey is all the rage in the Irish metropolis and its suburbs, and bids fair to supplant football as a winter pastime. About thirty-six new clubs have sprung into existence in the Dublin district, among which are several ladies' teams, of which the members of the Arkendale Club, here photographed, is one. Another Irish team, representing Alexander College, is now in England. The visitors began their tour at Birmingham, where they gained an easy victory, and on Monday went to Brighton to meet the following teams: Wimbledon House School, Holloway College, the Union Team, and Newnham College. In their first match they were defeated by the School, but were more successful against the students of Holloway College, whom they defeated by four goals to nil. On Wednesday their match with the All-England Union Team resulted in a draw, and on Thursday they played their return match with the team of Past and Present Students of Newnham College. This was a well-contested match, and the result—the defeat of the Cambridge ladies by three goals to nil—was unexpected after their performance in Ireland. The play on both sides was good, and Cambridge gave the Alexandrians plenty of work. The latter are certainly formidable opponents. Tall and comely, for the most part, they looked very neat and charming in their white cotton shirts and black skirts, the dulness of which was relieved by their cerise-coloured caps, ties, and ribbon crosses over the left shoulder.

## CRICKET.

Easter-tide and the notes of the cuckoo usually usher in the first signs of cricket. With a perversity characteristic of the conservatism which has always distinguished cricket, many of the counties open the season by playing matches between the county eleven and twenty-two colts. The object of playing colt matches is to discover talent, but one would think the middle or the end of the season were more favourable times for testing the form of the youngsters. How is it possible for a young cricketer at Easter-tide, and without any previous practice, to show anything like his best form? The thing is obviously impossible, and, although one or two of them may be lucky and make runs or secure wickets, it does not by any means follow that these lucky ones are the best men who have been tried.

Already three of the counties—Notts, Gloucester, and Lancashire—have put the colts through their facings, with very moderate results. Among the Notts youngsters a young man named Robinson showed fair form with bat and ball, while another named Bolton obtained three wickets at a very moderate cost. Mr. Hassell, who scored 39 in the first innings, and secured a couple of wickets, may probably get a trial with the county later on. For the county, Gunn opened in great style by scoring 73 out of a total of 160, Daft made a patient 25, and Mr. Howitt showed good form for 27.

The feature of the Gloucester Colts' match was the good form shown by "W. G.," a "colt" who is now forty-seven years of age. The Grand Old Man of cricket scored 101, took pity on the youngsters, and retired. The next best performance in the match was by "W. G. junior," who took six wickets for 40 runs. Among the Colts, E. L. Thomas gave a magnificent batting display, when he scored 67 runs.

Meanwhile, the fourteen first-class counties who are to take part in the coming season's championship are busy selecting their players, and generally putting their houses in order. The conditions of the championship will be somewhat altered this year. For the first time, the championship has received official recognition, and the M.C.C., our Cricket Parliament, will declare at the end of the season which is the champion county. It has been decided that, in order to qualify for the championship, each of the fourteen counties—which now include Essex, Hampshire, Warwickshire, Leicester, and Derby—will play at least eight out-and-home matches. The method of counting will be the same as formerly—one point for a win, nothing for a draw, and one point deducted for a loss. The county with the greatest proportion of wins will be declared the champion county. The new method is not altogether

satisfactory. In order to have a perfectly fair test, it would be necessary that all the first-class counties should meet each other twice, in the manner of the Football League Championship. As matters now stand, we shall have some curious anomalies. Surrey and Yorkshire, for instance, will play all the counties twice; while Leicester, Hampshire, Essex, and Derbyshire will meet only nine out of the fourteen counties. To put the matter in a clearer light, I give the meetings of the various counties in tabular form—

## INTER-COUNTY MATCHES.

Surrey play all counties.  
Yorkshire play all counties.  
Middlesex play all counties except Warwick, Leicestershire, Hants, and Derbyshire (4).  
Kent play all counties except Leicestershire, Hants, Essex, and Derbyshire (4).  
Lancashire play all counties except Hants and Essex (2).  
Somerset play all counties except Notts, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire (4).  
Notts play all counties except Somerset, Warwickshire, Hants, and Essex (4).  
Sussex play all counties except Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Essex, and Derbyshire (4).  
Gloucestershire play all counties except Leicestershire, Hants, Essex, and Derbyshire (4).  
Warwickshire play all counties except Middlesex, Somerset, Notts, and Sussex (4).  
Leicestershire play all counties except Middlesex, Somerset, Kent, Sussex, and Gloucestershire (5).  
Hampshire play all counties except Middlesex, Kent, Lancashire, Notts, and Gloucestershire (5).  
Essex play all counties except Kent, Lancashire, Notts, Sussex, and Gloucestershire (5).  
Derbyshire play all counties except Middlesex, Kent, Somerset, Sussex, and Gloucestershire (5).  
Middlesex play Somerset once only and Hants play Essex once only.

## NUMBER OF INTER-COUNTY MATCHES TO BE PLAYED BY FIRST-CLASS COUNTIES.

Surrey	26	Sussex	18
Yorkshire	26	Gloucestershire	18
Middlesex	17	Warwickshire	18
Kent	18	Leicestershire	16
Lancashire	22	Hampshire	16
Somerset	17	Essex	16
Notts	18	Derbyshire	16

Of course, everybody is asking which will be the champion county. It is generally agreed that Surrey and Yorkshire will again be well to the front, if they do not resume the leading places. On the whole, I think

Miss Mitchell. Miss T. Frood. Miss G. Mitchell.  
Miss Forest. Miss Halpin. Miss D. Frood (capt.). Miss Forrester. Miss Macartney.



Miss Webb.

Miss Darlington.

Miss Eva Frood.

THE ARKENDALE (LADIES) HOCKEY CLUB, GLENAGEARY, CO. DUBLIN.

Photo by J. H. Gane.

there are ample grounds for this belief. Taking Surrey, as the champion county, first, I am told that all last year's men will be available, with the important addition of George Lohmann, who is expected to return from the Cape. It is, of course, two years since Lohmann played in England, and what his form may be now is problematical, although it is worthy of note that in some of the leading South African matches he has shown that his abilities have not been allowed to rust. The difficulty with Surrey will be to know whom to leave out. Perhaps an ideal team for the champions would be K. J. Key, W. W. Read, Brockwell, Lohmann, Richardson, Lockwood, Smith, Street, M. Read, Hayward, and Marshall or Wood.

I understand that Yorkshire are particularly pleased with their prospects. During the recent Australian tour of Mr. Stoddart's team, J. T. Brown has proved himself one of the finest batsmen in the two hemispheres. Then F. S. Jackson, who shares with Mr. Stoddart and "W. G." the distinction of being one of the best amateur bats in England, will be available for all matches. In Australia, Peel has also shown himself to be probably the finest all-round cricketer in the world; and, if he retains his form on his return, should be more valuable to Yorkshire than ever. With these three great cricketers there should be no difficulty in finding eight others to make one of the most powerful combinations in England. There are, for instance, Tunnicliffe, Hirst, Wainwright, Mounsey, Mr. Sellars, Lord Hawke, Mr. Smith, Mr. Mitchell, and Hunter.

I see no reason why Lancashire should not seriously challenge the two leading counties. On paper Lancashire appears quite as strong as the other two. They have several great names to conjure with, and behind the names the ability is marked. Where, for instance, are to be found two finer batsmen than Mr. A. C. MacLaren and Albert Ward? Where a better all-round cricketer than Briggs? Where a better bowler than Mold? To these may be added Baker, F. Sugg, Smith, F. Ward, Mr. S. M. Tindall, Tinsley, Mr. Barwell, and Mr. T. Kemble. I certainly expect Lancashire to take a much higher place than last season.

It would be difficult, too, to find a reason why Middlesex should not go higher. The Metropolitan county, when at their best, are good to beat any team, especially Surrey. Their characteristic, however, is that of the meteor—brilliantly erratic or erratically brilliant. Perhaps the lack of one or two more professionals, especially another first-class bowler, is the one weak spot in an otherwise incomparable team. Mr. Stoddart will doubtless again be the mainstay of the batting division, and he will have able assistance from Messrs. Webbe, Ford, Lucas, and O'Brien. The brunt of the bowling will again fall on "Jack" Hearne and Rawlin, while Mr. McGregor will keep wicket in his own artistic style.

With the return of Lord Harris, Kent ought to go very much better than last season. For one thing, the Kentish men are always good—they can beat Surrey at Catford Bridge. Beyond that it is not safe to go, except one might venture the opinion that Surrey will inevitably get their revenge in the return match at the Oval. I understand that Mr. F. Marchant, who was married the other day, will again captain the team, and that most of last year's amateurs will be available. Kent could very well do with another good bowler and a really good wicket-keeper. Curiously enough, these two places could be filled by two brothers named Huish, who are now qualified for the county. The elder Huish, who is still quite a young man, has played for the Surrey county eleven with considerable success as a bowler. The younger brother has been tried with the Kent colts, and given such satisfaction that he, too, has been asked to assist the county as frequently as possible.

Among the other counties none are likely to do better than Somersetshire, who had rather hard luck last season. If Sussex had another first-class bowler, they would undoubtedly take a good position, as the batting talent, now that C. B. Fry has thrown in his lot with the county, is up to a high standard. Notts cricket is very problematical. It is quite certain that Shrewsbury will not play this season, if, indeed, he ever plays in first-class cricket again. Barnes has practically retired, and, excepting Attewell returns to his best form with the ball, they will be badly off in the trundling department. I see very little hope of Gloucestershire bettering their position, excepting young Townsend or "W. G. junior" do something out of the common with the ball. Among the new first-class counties, Warwickshire are likely to do best, with, perhaps, Derbyshire, Hampshire, and Leicestershire following close up. It seems ungracious to suggest that Essex will probably be a candidate for the wooden spoon, but someone must hold it, and I shall be very pleased indeed if the East London county can pass it on to one or other of their seniors.

#### FOOTBALL.

The Newport (Mon.) club has completed almost its century of winning matches. In 1891-2, it won 29 matches; in 1892-3, 24; last year, 26; and this year, 20—total, 99. In 1891-2 it lost no match; this year it lost only one, while three were drawn, against four in 1891-2.

OLYMPIAN.

#### A PROTEST.

Confound those plays where, on the stage,  
The actors seem to dine,  
And gnawing hunger assuage  
With scarce a spoken line;  
A Barmecide the feast may be,  
But direful is my plight,  
For it always gives the girl with me  
A dreadful appetite!—Puck.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The City and Suburban will be a good race this year, and the winner may take some finding. Heavy-weights often win at Epsom, as the undulating course is more or less in their favour. From information received, I think Filepa, who could not stay the distance of the Cesarewitch, but who, nevertheless, led everything else at a mile, will win at Epsom. The mare was tried with Encounter at a mile, and beat him easily, and this should be good enough. Son of a Gun and Reminder may get placed—the latter, by-the-bye, is a smart horse.

As Raconteur is said to be backward in condition, Lord Rosebery is very likely to win both the Two Thousand and Derby with Sir Visto, who is going great guns in his work. Le Var is fancied by some of the followers of the Kingsclere stable, but up to now he has not done much of a preparation. Float is a useful filly that should win the Oaks, if saved for this event; and I should think Mr. Cooper would certainly not risk her chance by running her in the Derby.

The racecourse rough is once more becoming very apparent, and several respectable sportsmen have, since the commencement of the season, been called upon to "stand and deliver." Unfortunately, gentlemen who frequent the meetings do not like to fasten on to these desperadoes and have them punished, for fear of after-consequences. At the same time, it is a matter for regret that the police and ring-keepers do not "spot" the evildoers oftener. Half-a-dozen sharp detectives ought to know all the bad characters at any Metropolitan meeting. Further, they ought to prevent them from obtaining admission at the gates. I know the racecourse officials would gladly forego the gate-money received from the rascals to be rid of them; but, unfortunately, the whole order of swell-mobsmen are known only to the police.

It is a thousand pities that the paddock at Epsom is so far away from the stands. I think those in authority should try and rent the field attached to the hotel at the back of the Grand Stand. I have no doubt this could be got; if so, it would make a capital saddling-paddock, and a path could be kept through the line of carriage traffic on to the course at the end of Barraud's ring. The present paddock is a delightful place when you reach it, but, unless you are clever, the chances are—at Derby times—once there you cannot get back to the stands again.

Handicappers are, as we know, very persevering, and they do their best, but I do not think they should listen to anything an owner might say as to the condition or ability of his horses. I heard of a case, the other day, where a handicapper said a certain horse with a welter weight could not win because the owner had told him the horse had been sadly overrated even by the stable. Well, I saw the animal win the race in question without an effort, as he should have done according to his previous book-form.

The growing custom, with those who contract for the sale of race-cards at our suburban meetings, to stop the sale of cards anywhere off the course, is one to be deplored, and I hope the Jockey Club will take immediate steps to open up free trade in this matter. Surely the convenience of the public should be studied before that of the contractor. Travellers to the meetings by train like to obtain their race-cards on starting from the station, that they may study the programme on the way down to the course. I hope the Jockey Club will insist on all Clerks of Courses supplying cards to the usual salesmen and to the railway bookstalls.

Viscount Downe, the new Steward of the Jockey Club, is a good sportsman. He has a few horses, but he is, I believe, a non-betting owner. This is as it should be. I think Stewards of the Jockey Club should always be in a position to approach any difficult problem with what Mr. Gladstone terms an open mind. The thanks of the racing community are due to the Earl of March for the good work he put in during his term of office, which has just expired. Lord March will continue, by right of birth, to hold office as a steward of the Goodwood Meeting.

Mr. Judge Robinson, who, I am glad to say, has wintered well, will be very busy from now up to the end of November. Mr. Robinson, besides acting as Judge, makes the handicaps at Alexandra Park and other meetings, and he sometimes officiates as Clerk of the Scales. Mr. W. J. Ford is, too, one of our most active officials, and he also takes on all the posts open. Mr. Ford is, in my opinion, one of the most able and persevering men of our day. He leaves nothing to trust, and in framing a handicap, even though it be a fifty-pound selling race, he throws all his energy into the task, with the result that it often comes out trumps.

The ring-keepers at all race-meetings should be put into uniform. At present it is difficult to discover some of them when wanted, and it is an acknowledged fact that a suit of uniform does clothe the most ordinary individual with an air of authority that is calculated to awe would-be evildoers. For instance, if Bob Moody were uniformed something after the style of a Metropolitan Police Superintendent, I am certain the "boys" would be afraid to go anywhere in the neighbourhood of his beat.

#### NOTE.

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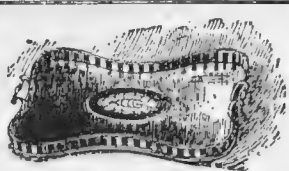


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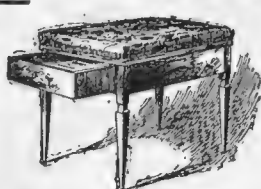
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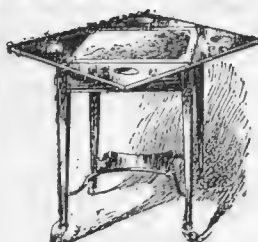
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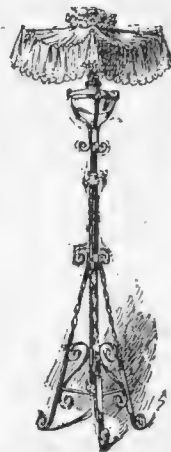
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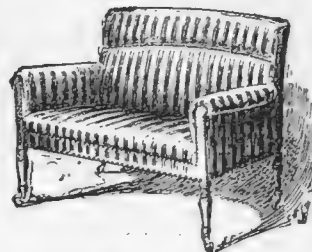
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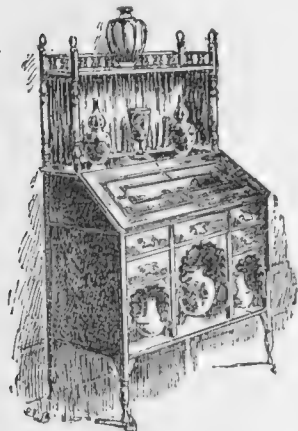
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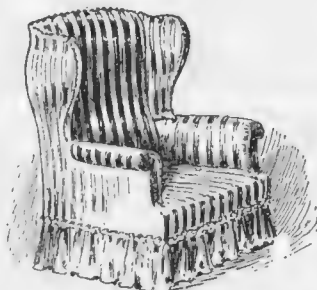
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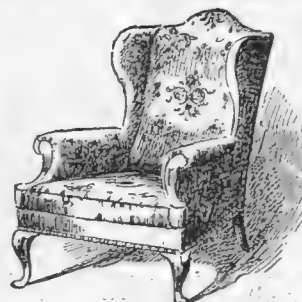
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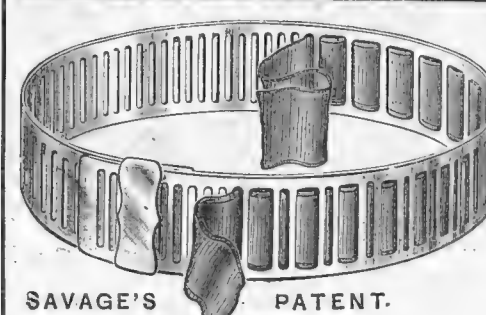
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## FASHIONS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.



MISS DOROTHY DORR IN "DELIA HARDING" (ACT I.).

For the last week or ten days all the prettiest novelties in the way of gowns seem to have been finding their way to the stages of the various theatres, and so it seemed to me that I could not do better than follow in their train, and see if, maybe, some new ideas could be captured while I was so engaged. And on the principle that last come should be first served, because of the topical interest of the moment, let us now consider the attire of that Delia Harding who, in the person of Miss Marion Terry, has taken up a temporary residence at the Comedy. You can concentrate your attention and admiration for the most part on the second act gown, of which you will find a sketch, for in this Miss Terry has departed from simplicity and gone in for gorgeous splendour. To begin with, the bodice and petticoat are of turquoise-blue satin, the skirt gleaming with a raised appliqué of gold flowers and scrolls of much the same style as Mrs. Patrick Campbell's now notorious black-and-gold dress, while round the waist is a deep draped band of crimson satin embroidered with true-lover's knots in gold sewn with turquoises. The Watteau back and over-dress of pale yellow chiffon striped with silk are bordered with a band composed of a portion of what looks remarkably like an Indian shawl, and beneath this falls a thick golden fringe, the tight-fitting sleeves of gold tissue being covered by balloon over-sleeves of pale-yellow gauze brocaded with gold. Gorgeous is therefore, you see, the correct word to apply to this elaborate garment, though Miss Terry's other two gowns are simplicity itself. The first, of white crêpon, held in at the throat and waist by a satin band, is almost entirely covered by a white gauze-like wrap; and, for the last act, Miss Terry has a trailing tea-gown of white crêpon, with a full front of accordion-pleated chiffon, held in loosely at the waist by a girdle of golden gauze. The long angel-sleeves are finished with an edging of gold; and the yoke also is embroidered with gold, so you can imagine what a good effect is the result.

But, for up-to-date fashion, you must go to Miss

Dorothy Dorr, whose first gown is altogether perfect. It has a skirt of white glacé silk, patterned with sprays of red geraniums, arranged to form downward stripes in conjunction with a conventional scroll-design. The bodice, of pale-blue chiffon, with a crinkled silk stripe, has full basques at the sides and back, and, in the front, the bodice fulness is drawn away to the sides to show a combined vest and waistband of geranium-red velvet with a series of V-shaped straps of white satin. The full elbow-sleeves are finished with drooping frills of white chiffon, and a softly frilled fichu of white chiffon is draped about the shoulders, the ends falling far down the skirt. As a matter of fact, every new piece that has come out lately has lifted the fichu on to a higher rung of the ladder of fame; it is very near the top now, and, once there, we shall all have to fall down and worship, though, fortunately, the task will be a very congenial one. Miss Dorr's second gown is distinctly smart, but not nearly so picturesque as the first. The bodice must, I think, be described first, for we seem to concentrate all our inventive powers upon that portion of our attire, and leave the skirt to look after itself. In this case the bodice is of plaid silk, in which yellow, pale blue, and red all appear together; while, as a relief, there is a square collar and an overhanging box-pleat of shimmering green crêpon, bordered with a narrow line of gimp trimming. From a rosette at each side of the yoke a long sash-end of the plaid falls over the skirt, which is of the green crêpon, the costume being completed by a hat of cream Leghorn, the front entirely occupied by a huge satin bow in pale and deep rose-red, some black feathers, an osprey, and a cluster of roses being also added in order to utilise all the available space. Truly I think that a plea against the overcrowding on hats might well be brought up just at present. Miss Dorr has one more handsome garment—a cloak of delicate apple-green satin combined with satin in a darker shade, brocaded with white roses and foliage, and finished with narrow pleatings of the satin and deep shoulder-capes of lace; and there is a lesson in smartness to be learnt from each one of her gowns, which, by the way, own Mrs. Nettleship for their maker.

Miss Rose Leclercq is, as usual, gowned by the Maison Jay, so it follows, as a matter of course, that her dresses are perfect. The first is one of the loveliest examples of the always lovely chiné silk, tiny bouquets of many-hued flowers being scattered over the pale-mauve ground, and the charming scheme of colouring being completed by a deep collar of pale-pink accordion-pleated chiffon, over which falls another collar of yellowish old lace, continued in a cascade drapery down the sides of the smart Louis coat, which has for further ornamentation some lovely hand-painted buttons set in diamonds. The pink chiffon vest is caught into a shaped waistband of white satin, and a big satin bow is placed at the back of the collar, the sleeves, which are pictures in themselves, having turned-back cuffs and softly falling draperies of lace and chiffon to cover the wrists. Miss Leclercq's bonnet is a mass

of shaded mauve hyacinths, with some loops of ribbon-knots in the centre, and sundry knots of black velvet as a relief.

White glacé, striped with black satin, is the material of the second dress, which also has a coat bodice, with square basques in the front and at the back only, the waist being outlined by a fold of black satin ribbon, tying in a bow at the back, and fastened at the sides with handsome cut-steel buttons. The deep square collar is of white satin, covered with mellow-tinted guipure;

which also veils the square yoke of blue satin, from which falls a pouch of white chiffon. Add to this a large black hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and the costume is complete.



MISS MARION TERRY IN "DELIA HARDING" (ACT II.).

And now, as Messrs. Jay were also responsible for the lovely creations in which "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is delighting Adelphi audiences, we had better go on there next and interview the gowns in question—I can assure you that they are most desirable acquaintances. The first most of all, perhaps, for it is an ideal costume for summer wear, and I commend it to brides-elect for "going away" purposes. With a skirt of pale-tan batiste, which shows a lining of heliotrope glacé, it has a bodice of the silk, with a front of white tucked muslin, the silk being finished at the sides with a frill of accordion-pleated chiffon. Round the waist is a draped band of Pompadour ribbon, drawn up towards the left side of the corsage, where it is tied in a large bow; but the most noticeable feature is the collar, which is composed of pear-shaped medallions of embroidered linen, four more being arranged at the back of the bodice, two above and two below the waistband, the lower ones having the effect of diminutive coat-tails or basques. Just as perfect in its way is the wide-brimmed hat of sunburnt straw, which comes well down over the face in front, the trimming, which has been put on with unequalled grace and lightness, consisting of bow-ends and rosettes of heliotrope and pale-blue ribbon, and a great spray of shaded pinkish-mauve anemones and tender-green ivy leaves. Simple though it is, this gown would stand out and hold its own at any assemblage of all that is smartest in the way of fashion, and one can only hope that it duly impressed the residents in "the Blackfort country, Montana," where lives the "General's daughter."

In the second act Miss Millward has a ball-gown of pearl-grey satin, the softly draped bodice only slightly open at the throat, while the sloping effect of the shoulders is accentuated by the plain straps of satin, which are

And then "Fanny," at the Strand, claims our attention, for though the lady who gives her name to the piece is not herself in evidence, Miss Alma Stanley and Miss May Whitty are very much so, both of them wearing very smart gowns. Miss Stanley's superb figure is suited to perfection by a full skirt of white serge and a blouse-bodice of soft white silk, set off by a sash of turquoise-blue silk, while the box-pleated front is adorned by three turquoise buttons. Equally successful is a second gown of tea-rose yellow satin cloth, with pocket-flaps of white satin covered with écreu lace, the bodice having a pouch front of satin and lace, and two great bow-ends of white satin at the neck. The sleeves terminate at the elbow with a band of satin; and Miss Stanley wears a chiné silk cape of pale yellow, powdered over with tiny pink roses, and finished with ruffles of black chiffon, and a lining of leaf-green silk.

Miss May Whitty is to be congratulated on her first dress particularly, and I must admit that I shall not be happy till I have got one made in its exact likeness. Miss Whitty's is of crépon in a small blue-and-white check, the skirt full and plain, and the bodice a delightful arrangement of red silk, veiled with écreu muslin dotted over with red spots, and held in at the waist by a band and bow of red satin ribbon. Over this is worn a little coat of the crépon, with a deep sailor-collar of silk and muslin, with frivolous little frills and insertions of yellowish Valenciennes, while there is one of the fashionable turned-down collars and cuffs to match of the silk and muslin bordered with lace. If you want to complete the effect, add, as does Miss Whitty, a sunburnt straw hat, trimmed with scarlet poppies and a bow of blue glacé ribbon, patterned with diminutive copies of the same flowers, and then you will not wish for a smarter, prettier costume. And next comes a blue moiré gown, with a broad waist-belt,



ACT I.



ACT II.



ACT IV.

MISS MILLWARD'S DRESSES IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

connected with the puffed elbow-sleeves by tiny steel buttons. The butterfly-shaped waistband is simply a glittering mass of steel sequins and paillettes, and catches in the scarves of écreu lace over white chiffon, which fall from the shoulders to the hem of the full, plain skirt. A bunch of black violets, encircled by vivid-green leaves, is deftly placed at the right side of the corsage—just one of those clever little touches in which Messrs. Jay excel. On the last dress of white glacé striped narrowly with satin, the Fichu—it is really assuming such importance that it deserves capitals—appears again, composed in this instance of white chiffon, with long frilled ends, while it is fastened at the left side of the low bodice with a bunch of Malmaison carnations. The deep waistband of white satin boasts of four beautiful hand-painted buttons, and the great puffed sleeves taper off into plain cuffs reaching to the wrist.

Though these three lovely gowns had almost exhausted my stock of admiration, I managed to find a fresh supply for Miss Hope Dudley's three pretty dresses, the first of white serge, with collar and waistband of turquoise-blue silk, tied in loose scarf-ends, while the sailor-collar and the cuffs are finished with blue silk embroidery, and the ever-present box-pleat in front is adorned with large silver buttons. Her ball-dress is of turquoise-blue satin, the shoulder-capes of lace, caught in at each side of the décolletage in front by a bow of mauve velvet fastened by a diamond buckle, the lace then falling in handkerchief points below the velvet waistband. But the last is the best of all, to my thinking, fashioned as it is of white glacé, with a festooned design of tiny blurred red roses. The skirt is full, to an extent which makes one shudder at the result of the mental calculation of so many yards at so many shillings each; and the bodice is distinguished by a black satin waistband, drawn up in a huge bow in the centre of the back, while another band of black satin passes across the bust, beneath three overhanging straps of cream guipure, which fall from the white satin collar and are caught in at the waist. The puffed sleeves terminate at the elbow—indeed, elbow-sleeves and fichus are striding along together into favour and fame, it seems to me, and dealing mighty blows to economical resolves as they march along.

shoulder-straps, and yoke of jet to make beautiful the blue chiffon bodice, even this soft fabric being arranged in three box-pleats in front. Miss Whitty's third and last dress is of leaf-green crépon, the bodice entirely covered with écreu lace, and having a dainty fichu of yellow-spotted muslin, frilled and crossed in most becoming fashion; while, to give a touch of contrasting colour, some shot glacé ribbon—pink, blue, green, and petunia—composes the collar and waistband. And still, if space were elastic, I could go on to tell you of other dresses, and of the attire of the ladies who make an idol of Weedon Grossmith at the Vaudeville; but these I must, perforce, leave over for one week longer, and by that time there will be other new plays and new gowns to claim our attention.

FLORENCE.

So far, the best out-of-door book of the season is Mr. P. H. Emerson's "Birds, Beasts, and Fishes of the Norfolk Broadland" (Nutt). The same writer's "On English Lagoons," a pleasant account of boating in East Anglia, together with this later book, will probably send many to the "Broads" this summer. But "Birds and Beasts" will appeal to all naturalists, though the observations have a special local value. In an amusing preface, Mr. Emerson gives advice to students of bird-life, in the course of which he utters terrible heresies about the "overrated Gilbert White," and Jefferies, and another popular and living "nature-lover." He is a good observer himself, and has earned the right of severity. His book is full of useful pictures, but he wishes they were better, and sighs for an English Hokusai. Bewick's engraving skill he owns, but his birds, he says, "as birds, are all caricatures." And everybody else's are as bad or worse.

Arrangements having been made for the opening of the Bexhill new Municipal Buildings on Saturday, by the Lord Mayor of London, the Brighton Railway Company are announcing the issue on Friday and Saturday of cheap return tickets from London to Bexhill, available for return up to Monday, also that on Saturday they will issue by one of the morning trains from London cheap return tickets to Bexhill, available for the day only.

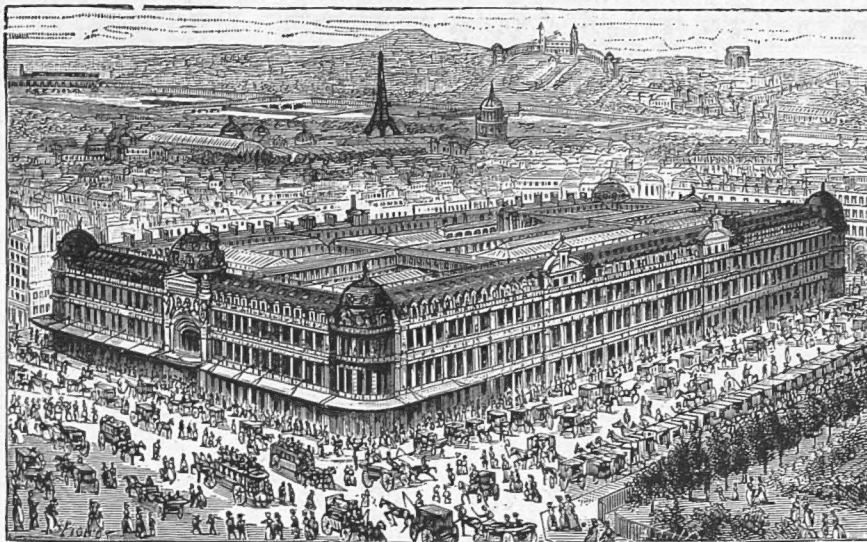


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## A CONSERVATIVE ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The House reassembled on Monday after the Easter holidays, with Mr. Speaker Gully to preside over its deliberations. The Factories Bill, some Naval Estimates, and the Committee stages of the Irish Land and Welsh Disestablishment Bills are the principal subjects of business, but with the beginning of May we shall have the Budget. This all means pretty heavy work, and it is idle speculating as to any result. As for the Budget, there is not much scope for "greatness" this year, but Sir William Harcourt has a "big" if not a "great" Budget to bring in, for he has to provide a hundred millions of money, an unprecedented amount for peace time.

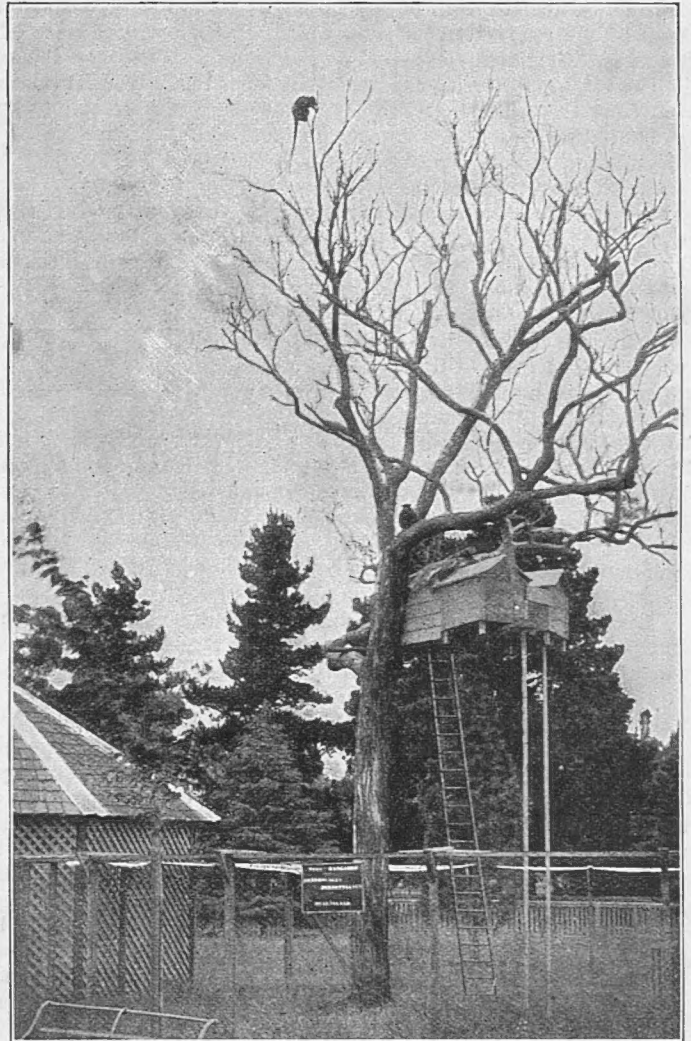
I cannot exactly say that the vacation has been employed to the best advantage on our side. True, some splendid work has been put in by Conservative and Unionist workers for the bye-elections. But the sky has been overcast by a rather unpleasant newspaper discussion about Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards the Unionist Party, and though the mischief has, one must hope, only been a sort of April shower, yet an ideal Clerk of the Political Weather would hardly have selected precisely the present moment for raining cold water of any description upon the Unionist alliance. We are looking forward, on our side, to the dissolution, and the defeat of the Radical Government, and at such a time no talk of disunion ought to be possible.

To judge by the attitude taken up by the *Times* and the *Birmingham Post*, nobody on the Conservative side is to be allowed to make any criticism whatever upon Mr. Chamberlain, unless it is complimentary. This, surely, is quite an untenable position. Threats have been uttered about Mr. Chamberlain retiring into private life if he were spoken of in any but eulogistic terms. Such a course of action, which I cannot believe to have been serious, would be simply ridiculous. I, for one, have felt bound not to conceal the fact that there was, this session, a good deal of feeling, on the Conservative side of the House, that Mr. Chamberlain was doing all the leading, and not doing it very well, and that rather more was expected from the Conservative front bench in the way of guidance. It was notorious that Mr. Chamberlain had advised a strong attempt to turn the Government out early on the Address, against the inclination of Lord Salisbury. It was notorious, also, that a badly organised attempt was made, and that it failed; and that on more than one subsequent occasion Mr. Chamberlain selected some ill-advised opportunities for putting the Government in awkward holes, from which, however, they, rather too triumphantly, escaped. The consequence was some surface dissatisfaction with Mr. Chamberlain, who, after all, is not the leader of the Conservative Party, and a good deal of grumbling at Mr. Balfour, whose comparative resignation of the duties of Leader of the Opposition, and reluctance to give his followers "sport" by heading any attack in force on the Government, had left the way open for Mr. Chamberlain's failures. Matters came to a head over the vacancy at Leamington and Warwick, when Mr. Balfour made his final mistake by going out of his way, before making himself acquainted with the facts, to force Mr. George Peel, as a Liberal-Unionist, on the constituency, against the wishes of the whole local Conservative party. I have not heard that Mr. Chamberlain had any share in this blunder of Mr. Balfour's. If he did press Mr. George Peel's candidature, it was his business, as the Liberal-Unionist leader, to do so, and I certainly do not blame him. The person to blame is Mr. Balfour, who on this occasion, as on others this session, has shown himself most unfortunately out of touch with his party. But, be that as it may, the Leamington dispute produced a soreness of the local Conservatives against the Liberal-Unionists, which speedily showed itself in some hasty criticisms, directed, as it seemed, by Conservatives against the value of the Liberal-Unionist Alliance altogether.

The "row" ought never to have been allowed to go so far as this. But, having done so, what, after all, did it amount to? Day after day we were assured that the leaders of the two parties were on perfectly amicable terms, and yet the *Times* and the *Birmingham Post* (the latter of which is supposed to reflect Mr. Chamberlain's opinions) repeatedly spoke as if the Unionist alliance was being undermined. How? By a little free criticism? If an Englishman is not allowed to have his grumble, what are we coming to? Seriously, did anyone suppose that the Unionist alliance was a mere love-match between Mr. Chamberlain and the rank and file of the Conservative Party? Of course not. It was a matter of measures, not men; a compact to defeat Home Rule, not to prevent a majority of Conservative electors from voting for a popular Conservative candidate, or for putting the leadership of the Opposition out of the hands of the leaders of the Conservative Party, which is now the largest individual section of the House of Commons. If Mr. Chamberlain changed his mind about Home Rule, there might be serious talk about his "retiring," but he would leave his followers behind him. But in all this discussion there has been no word of any difference on policy or programme. Mr. Chamberlain, if he has not been misrepresented, is far too sensitive towards newspaper correspondents. He should imitate Mr. Balfour's example, and not read too many newspapers. Mr. Balfour makes mistakes by reading none, and Mr. Chamberlain errs on his side by taking no other exercise than reading print and cultivating orchids. The consequence is, in the case of the latter, that he has to let off steam in politics; and a certain amount of heart-sickness at not having smashed the Government may have led Mr. Chamberlain and some of his critics to say more than was edifying. Silence would have been better, and much more dignified.

## THE TREE-KANGAROO.

I lately noticed in an English paper, writes M. D. le Souëf, the Assistant-Director of the Melbourne Zoo, that they doubted the ability of tree-kangaroos to really climb trees. I enclose a photo I took of a pair in the Melbourne Zoological Gardens, in which one is seen perched on a thin bough at the top of the tree; the other one will be noticed half-way up. I brought four of these animals down to Melbourne from Cooktown, Queensland, last year. They had been caught near the top of the densely timbered mountain ranges. In their wild state they sleep all day perched near the tree-top, descending to the ground only to pass from one tree to another. When among the branches they are as active as a cat, and



THE TREE-KANGAROO.

jump some distance from one bough to another, their long tails helping to balance them. It is not prehensile and hangs straight down. They can also jump on to the ground from a distance of thirty feet without being injured, and when a bough on which they may be perched breaks, they always light on their feet. They can climb rapidly up a thick rope or up a straight three-inch galvanised gas-pipe. Those in the gardens here never go on to the ground unless driven. They are tree-kangaroos, and not allied to the opossums. They feed on leaves, fruit, &c., but not on grass. The two pairs that have lately reached the London Zoological Gardens came from the Melbourne Gardens.

## JANE AUSTEN FOR THE STAGE.

Unlike most other *ci-devant* actresses who have married out of the profession, Miss Rosina Filippi (Mrs. Dowson) has so far kept her vow not to reappear upon the boards; but that she has not lost her interest in matters pertaining to the stage is shown by her having arranged for publication "Duologues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen." To amateurs, at any rate, these excerpts from the works of an "Old Woman" writer should be both "useful and agreeable." Miss Filippi's husband, Mr. Dowson, has been engaged in business in the provinces, and belongs to a typical Nonconformist family. Before she appeared with success as the French maid in "The Red Lamp," before she confirmed her reputation by acting in farcical comedy at the Court, Miss Filippi, with the ambition characteristic of youth, once played the part of Portia to the Shylock of Mr. Hermann Vezin. This was at a Gaiety *matinée*, in November, 1883. In former days, Miss Filippi's grandmother, Madame Colmache, a connecting-link with the times of the first Napoleon, was a very well-known figure in London literary and artistic society. Miss Filippi's pen has been employed before now in the composition of one or two fanciful little dramatic pieces.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 20, 1895.

The event of the week has been the conclusion of peace between China and Japan, but its effect had been discounted, and produced no appreciable effect on even the price of silver.

The Bank Return was interesting as showing a steady flow of coin to the provinces, which everybody is hoping means a revival of trade, but we fear that Easter holiday requirements have more than anything else to do with it.

There has been an active demand for silver, and, although the highest point has not been maintained, the week closes with a strong market. Rates for money have sunk to under 1 per cent., and there seem no immediate signs of any hardening influence. With Consols at about 105½ a renewed demand for Colonial inscribed stock is observable, as also for other high-class stocks, such as English Railway debentures.

The market for foreign Government securities has been dull, and some of the more speculative groups have receded. We are able to state, on good authority, that there is every prospect of the Monte Video Waterworks difficulty being arranged; and, in our opinion, Uruguay 3½ stock should be bought by anyone who can afford to lock it up. One of the few remarkable rises has occurred in Mexican Southern Railway debentures, but this may be attributed to the improved position of the Trustees Corporation, which holds about £360,000 worth of the security, and concerning which we shall have a word to say later on.

American Railway securities have, as a general rule, improved all along the line, principally on account of the increase in prices of produce and the boom in petroleum. No doubt, all over the States trade has improved—as, indeed, we had led you to expect, dear Sir—and traffic results will shortly compare with the very unsatisfactory figures of last year. An unexpected incident has been the passing of the Baltimore and Ohio dividend. We had expected a one-dollar distribution, and all, we think, that is meant by the conservative course adopted by the directors is that the result of the full year's working must be awaited before any distribution is made. The Atchison scheme, although meeting with some opposition, is pretty sure to be carried through, and we advise you to support it.

The real war between the directors of the Grand Trunk and the Committee of Shareholders has now fairly started. The circular with which the latter body opened the campaign was about the most scathing document of its kind which has seen the light since the famous attack upon the directors of the Trustees Corporation with which Mr. Frederick Walker made his reputation; indeed, for cool logic, indisputable facts, and absence of all exaggeration, the appeal of Mr. Price and his colleagues has never been surpassed, and, if the shareholders are foolish enough to support the present directors any longer, it must, indeed, be a hopeless thing to fight a railway board. We have never read a more whimpering apology for their own incapacity than the board have published, and we beg you, dear Sir, in your own interest, to read the two circulars side by side, and form an independent opinion as to which body you ought to support. What can be worse than the present position of the line under the rule of Sir Henry Tyler and Lord Claud Hamilton? What hope is there for the security-holders, except in a complete change of management?

If you and your fellow-shareholders do not make a clean sweep this time, dear Sir, a receivership will do it for you at an early date; but if, as we sincerely hope may be the case, the board is turned out, and the whole financial position fairly faced by honest and capable men, with Sir Rivers Wilson at their head, there is a prospect of saving the concern, and, perhaps, of making the present directors pay out of their own pockets the advances which they have made to certain of the subsidiary lines, and which are said to be *ultra vires*. It would, indeed, be an object-lesson to not only deprive Sir Henry of his director's fees, but to make him repay with interest the Grand Trunk shareholders' money, which he has advanced in such lordly style to the bankrupt roads bought up from time to time. The funniest thing about the controversy is that Sir Henry Tyler has produced an opinion given by Sir Edward Watkin in justification of his action! The South-Eastern shareholders sighed with relief when they got rid of Sir Edward, and we should not suppose anyone, unless hard-driven, would imagine that his cause was likely to gain by such advocacy, as even Mr. Broadhurst found out, to his cost, at Grimsby. Let every shareholder, however small, send his proxy to the committee, not to the board.

The shares of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation have risen about twelve shillings and sixpence within the last four days, and a well-informed evening paper has hinted that the action of the Imperial Ottoman Bank is to be settled by the old directors, in consideration of the claims against them being abandoned. The bank's claim has of late induced us to advise many of your friends not to buy shares; but, if the news already referred to is true, there can be no doubt that even the present price does not represent the real value. In the course of the coming week, some information must be made public; meanwhile we have reason to think that the evening paper in question was not very far from the mark.

The Western Australian market has kept wonderfully firm, despite the Londonderry and other fiascos. We had made it a rule never to recommend mines as speculations unless we believed they had real merits, and the first time we departed from this safe plan we had reason

to regret it within a few days. Many of your friends, dear Sir, ask us what we *now* think of the Londonderry, and we can only say that it appears to be an ordinary Coolgardie mining venture, with probably a considerable quantity of crushing stuff of doubtful value, which, if it had been capitalised at about £100,000, or even £150,000, would possibly have been a good speculation, but, at its present value, does not seem likely to yield satisfactory returns for a considerable time, if ever. As to Colonel North's offer, it may be very honourable to him, but won't help dividends, while the original vendors make no sign, and are likely to make none. Cashman's Reward was, unlike the Londonderry, a swindle, and not the only one which has been successfully floated here, for it is openly said that, in the case of a mine brought out the other day, one of the experts whose report figured largely on the prospectus has never been within three hundred miles of the property! Be this as it may, there has been a great deal too much of experts who have not seen mines for many months certifying to their present value, and you should be very careful, dear Sir, not only to notice the date of a report, but when the expert last saw the property about which he is writing.

Several of your friends ask when the Cresus stamps will be at work, dear Sir, and we believe we are correct in stating that the first sixty will be running by the middle of June, and the remainder before the end of the year. For those who desire to purchase really good Kaffirs, we recommend Metropolitans, at about three pounds, or Pleiades, which is a new venture backed by the Barnato group. Its total capital is £175,000, of which £50,000 will be cash for working. Paris is taking an interest in the concern; and everything points not only to real merit, but a rapid rise.

There is some talk of the introduction of the shares of the famous Phoenix Mine of Gympie on this market, under influences of a powerful nature, but we will let you know as soon as anything definite is decided. In the last fifteen months the property has distributed over £110,000 in dividends, and there is no doubt the shares would find a ready sale at any reasonable capitalisation.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

D. WATNEY AND SON, LIMITED, is offering 110,000 4½ per cent. debentures at 102 and 5500 5 per cent. pref. shares at par. The concern must not be mistaken for the famous Watney and Co. whose name is a household word. No doubt many investors will fall into the trap, and bitter will be their disappointment, for we should be very sorry to see any of our readers holding either of the securities offered. The business in question was formed into a limited company in 1888, but the capital does not seem to have been more than half subscribed, and the object of the transfer to the present company is so self-evident that the issue deserves to fail.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—In consequence of the holidays, we were unable to answer our various correspondents last week through this column. In all cases of an urgent nature we have written private letters.

CLISS, INVESTOR, J. C., INEXPERIENCE, and MAYOR.—We hope you have got our answers, which took the form of private letters, because there was no other way to send you the information you required.

J. C. (Huddersfield).—We have sent you the little book, and hope you have not only got it, but are pleased.

CORIOIANUS.—We sent you a copy of the *City Press* of April 13, which contains the information you require, and we can add nothing to what is stated there.

W. McD., J. B. R., E. J. B., and J. B. H.—We are obliged for your respective enclosures, and trust you have duly received our private letters, which have been written with as little delay as the holiday season and a short run into the country permitted.

J. J. G.—We had written an answer to your letter, but could not read the address you gave at its head, so we were unable to send to you. (1) We know nothing in its favour. (2) We should not select this mine. (3) We prefer San Jorge. (4) Not bad for your purpose. (5) These have risen, but they are a good high-paying investment. Wait for a little reaction, and then buy. (6) We should not advise this mine. The market favours Hannan's Brown Hill as the best of the Coolgardie lot. Your second letter is almost answered above. (1, 2, and 3) Yes. (5 and 6) Gambles, and not bad ones.

G. H.—(1) Good, but very high. (2) Ditto. (3) We are not in love with it. (4) Good. (5) We don't advise it. We should suggest Telegraph Construction, T. R. Roberts, Imperial Continental Gas, Ben Evans Debentures, and Johannesburg Waterworks as the sort of thing which would suit you.

E. M. H.—(1) We see no way out of paying the balance, except an action for rescission, which, if successful, will cost you more than the money you have invested. (2) Pay the small balance, and get your shares. Don't trust these people. Watch the market, and sell through the brokers whose names we send you, as soon as you can get out at a profit. (3) It is only a waste of money to try and get anything out of Percy Barclay; but, if it is a large sum, the threat of proceedings through a respectable solicitor might produce an offer of a partial settlement. We cannot send you private tips, but will answer questions at any time.

MUMBLES.—The shares we do not recommend, and, if you can get out without loss, sell; otherwise, hold for a few months, and take the first chance of disposing of your holding.

OPENSHAW.—You had better fall in with the scheme of the Bank of China, Japan, and the Straits, Limited. There may not be much hope for you, but it will be better than paying up in full.

O. E. P.—The following investments might suit you, and we recommend them in the order named—(1) Imperial Continental Gas, (2) Telegraph Construction, (3) Ely Brothers, (4) Home and Colonial Stores. If you invest five hundred in each, you will get over five per cent.

NORTH COUNTRY.—Take your profit in Potchefstroom and Klerksdorp. We are told Empress of Coolgardie fully-paid shares are worth buying at present price, and it might be worth your while to play with a little of the profit you have made. We have no belief in the merits of the concern. You should not sell Victoria and Altamira or Graskops yet.

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